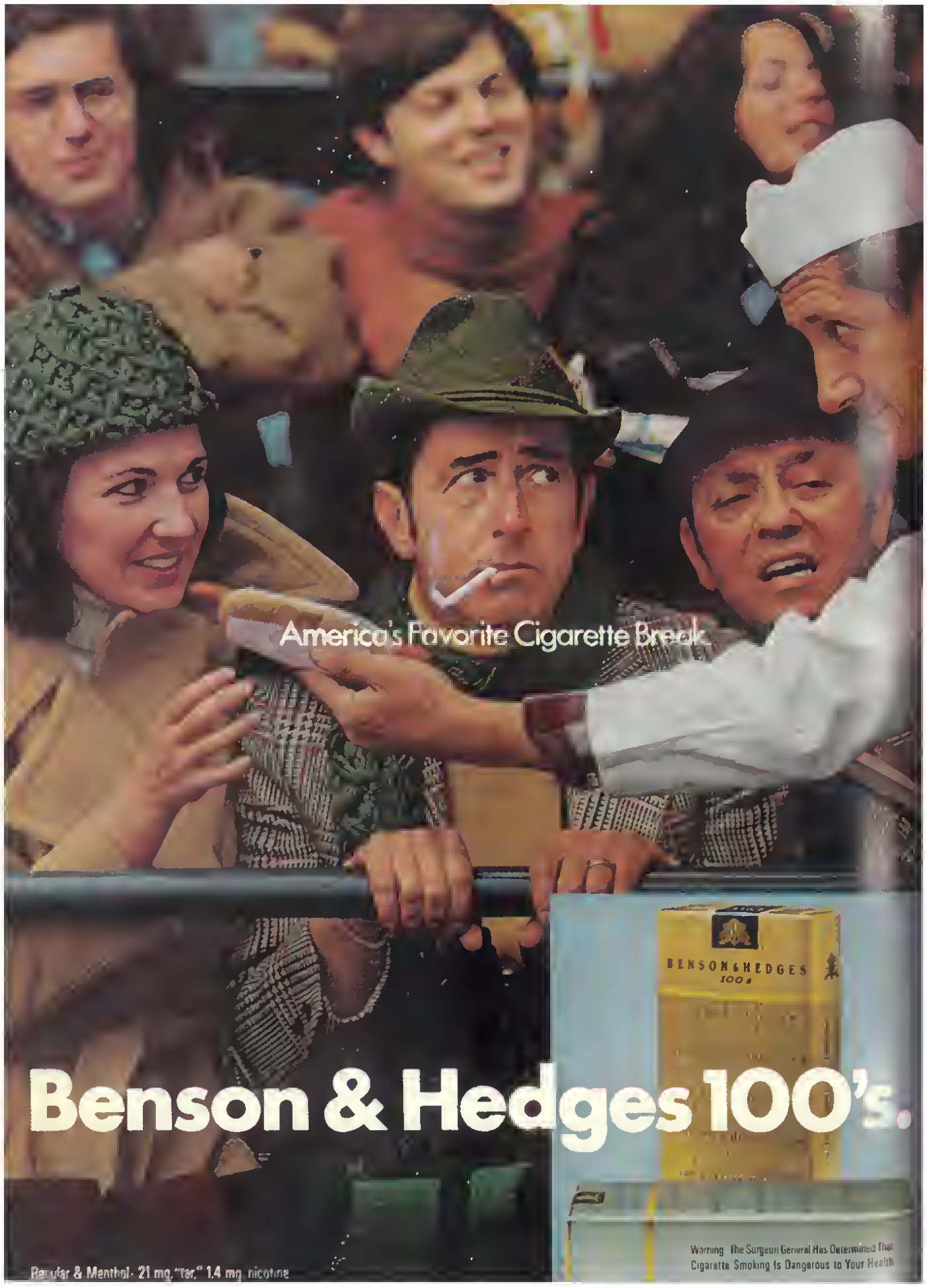
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Contents

JANUARY 24, 1972 *Volume 36, No. 4*

Cover photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

10 A Cowboy Stampede

Grinding it out on the ground, Dallas ran over and around the Miami Dolphins to win the Super Bowl

16 Crooning That Same Old Song

What with bright sunshine and gentle breezes, it was a different Crosby—until Jack Nicklaus did his thing

22 Back-to-School Time for Terry Daniels

If there is a law against what Joe Frazier did to him in New Orleans, Daniels can check it out at SMU

24 Take It From the Top

A look at the country's best just-for-fun skiers, with some secrets of how they got that way

59 Make the Most with What You Got

What Memphis has got is plenty of stockholders but not nearly enough big-league basketball players

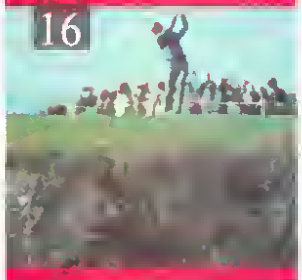
62 What Made Richie Run?

As a showboating youth it was his exhilarating talent, but when the applause died it became heroin

The departments

6 Scorecard
47 People
48 College Basketball
54 Hockey
59 Pro Basketball
70 For the Record
72 19th Hole













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Credits on page 70

Next week

THE NEWEST traditional old-time rivalry in basketball is currently seething within the ranks of the ABA. When Utah plays Indiana, the emotions run higher than the scores.

SAPPORO is all set to give a super Winter Olympic performance—Avery Brundage willing—and so is our fair-haired girl, world champion speed skater Annie Henning.

HIGH and mighty anonymous is Pat Matzdorf. He holds the world record in the high jump, but his name is infrequently mentioned outside of Sheboygan, his hometown.

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Opel clears up the confusion in the small car market.

Advice from a friend.

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We think Opel is a lot of car for the money. And people who know cars seem to agree. They've said a lot of nice things about the 1972 Opels. For example, CAR AND DRIVER magazine said, "Given our choice of any supercoupe between the Atlantic and the Pacific, we'd take the Opel Rallye".

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

THE FROSH RULE

The NCAA's startling decision to allow member schools to use freshmen in intercollegiate competition brought instant reaction, some of it rather naive comment on the advantages or disadvantages of the new policy for the athlete himself. Tom Gola, the old basketball All-America from La Salle, said, "I think around Philadelphia it's a beautiful rule. Most of the kids coming out of high school here are already playing with college kids." Harry Silcox, another Philadelphia basketball hero of the Gola era, when freshmen were allowed on varsity teams, disagreed. "I wasn't ready for it," he said. "I was only 17. I found it difficult taking all that time out from class."

George Raveling, an assistant to Basketball Coach Lefty Driesell at Maryland, came closer to the crux of the matter. "I think it's a bad rule," he said, "but if a conference votes against playing freshmen, it puts itself at a tremendous recruiting disadvantage." It is not the welfare of the student-athlete that the new rule is all about but the economic structure of the intercollegiate sports scene. Abe Martin, veteran athletic director of Texas Christian University, dismissed fears about freshmen being too young for competition when he said, "Kids are more learned and better coached than they used to be. I think they can play a part and it won't hurt a thing." Then Martin added, "Besides, an NCAA vote to limit athletic grants-in-aid is on the way. When it comes, it will be wise to have freshmen eligible."

In sum, the freshmen rule is one more symptom of the economic crunch. Absorbing freshmen into varsity programs means that high-budget athletic schools can have the same number of varsity players while reducing the total number of scholarships given. Because an athlete now has four years of eligibility, instead of three, the college gets a 33.3% greater return on the field from its investment in each athlete. It is good business when you can pay less and get more, and one must never forget that big-time college sport, particularly football, is very big business.

SO MUCH FOR LOVE

A press release from the Roller Derby called the Bay Bombers "one of the nation's most beloved sports franchises." Then it added that the club has been switched from San Francisco-Oakland to San Antonio.

SALANCE

With all four teams in the Central Division of the National Basketball Association well under .500 and with only two teams in the entire Eastern Conference over that break-even mark, it is obvious that the NBA is badly imbalanced. Yet the league persists in maintaining a playoff system in which the first two finishers in each of the four divisions qualify for postseason play. This means that a weak team like Atlanta or Cleveland will make the playoffs while a much better club like Golden State or Phoenix will probably be shut out.

The playoffs are supposed to be a showdown competition among the best. Obviously, this is not so. The NBA could come closer to that ideal if the four division champions were joined by the four also-rans with the best records, regardless of division or conference. The last time this was proposed to the owners they voted it down. If Commissioner Walter Kennedy truly possesses the absolute authority he claims now to have, he ought to exercise it and arbitrarily establish a new, fairer playoff system for 1972-73.

GOOD COPY

Duane Thomas of the Dallas Cowboys, who made a career of not speaking to the press this fall, inevitably ended up with more ink before the Super Bowl than garrulous Joe Namath ever did. Every sportswriter worth his expense account felt obliged to try his hand at interviewing Thomas. Mounting Rosinante and grasping a No. 2 pencil, each rode into the windmill, was spun off and happily sat down to write reams of prose about the man who would not speak. No clear moral emerges from all this except to point out, as Washington Sportswriter Shirley Povich did, in ringing the latest change on the Churchill original, that "Never have so many words been written about so few."

QUANTITY AND QUALITY

The somewhat staid tone of the Super Bowl has encouraged supporters of college football. One staunch advocate of the college game argues that it is consistently faster and more exciting than the professional version. He even criticizes the heart-stopping Miami-Kansas City game in the AFC playoffs, pointing out that in that six-period marathon there were only 149 offensive plays, whereas the four-period Fiesta Bowl between Arizona State and Florida State had 167. O.K., granted. But did the Fiesta Bowl have Garo Yepremian?

MIX

Baseball has never really known how to cope with minor-league problems. Like a flea-ridden dog, it spends a lot of time biting at its own tail. A lot of minor teams die, which hurts big-league baseball, but the big ones keep on biting.

One method of stifling interest in minor-league ball is by doing things like imposing an alien nickname on the local team. For instance, in Albuquerque, N. Mex. the minor-league club was traditionally called the Dukes, since the city was named for the early 18th century Spanish Duke of Alburquerque. When the Los Angeles Dodgers took over that AA franchise in 1963 they blithely tromped on history and renamed the Dukes the Dodgers. A most fitting name. "Dodgers" stems from the turn of the century, when crowded Brooklyn was laced with trolley lines and the inhabitants were derisively called trolley dodgers. The nickname went cross-country from Brooklyn to Los Angeles when the club moved in 1958 and then came a third of the way back to Albuquerque, where it made about as much sense as calling a Brooklyn team the Gila Monsters.

The transplanted New York-California name did not sit well in New Mex-

ico, and when Los Angeles decided this winter to transfer its AAA minor-league team from Spokane, to Albuquerque, a movement was begun to restore the old, traditional name. A vote was taken and, by Judge Landis, the parent club bowed to the will of the people. In 1972 the team will be known as the Albuquerque Dukes.

But you win one, you lose one. A thousand miles east, in Tennessee, the Knoxville baseball team has been known as the Smokies for the thousands of years that baseball has been played in the shadow of the great mountains there. No more. Henceforth the club will be called the Knox Sox.

MS. UMPIRE

The signal triumph of Bernice Gera, the lady umpire, is not without irony. The New York Court of Appeals has upheld her case against minor-league baseball, which would not hire her as an umpire even though she was professionally qualified. She said it was because she was a woman. The minor-leaguers claimed, in a late argument, that it was



because she was too short (Umpire Gera is 5′ 2″, and an umpire supposedly should be at least 5′ 10″). If baseball is telling the truth and it is only Bernice's height that is an impediment, the lady umpire may find a vocal ally in peppery Jocko Conlan, who ruled with force and authority in the National League for a quarter of a century before his retirement a few years ago. Conlan is only 5′ 7½″. Don't try to tell Jocko even now that he is too small to umpire. He'll fill your ears with stories about Bill Klem, who was the same size. Go get 'em, Ms Gera.

IF AND REVERSE

Clive Graham, racing writer for the London *Daily Express*, leaves himself open to an onslaught from Women's Lib types because of his acerb reaction to the British Jockey Club's recent decision to allow women riders in thoroughbred races. Traditionalist Graham, recalling that Damon Runyon once observed, "All life is 6 to 5 against," muttered that with the Jockey Club allowing women jockeys now, "Those odds must surely be extended to 13 to 8."

NATURALLY

To stay with gambling numbers for a moment, be advised that in Las Vegas the people who work in the places where bets are made belong to a labor group called the Union of Gaming and Affiliated Casino Employees of America. The Las Vegas Local is 711.

YES, DEAR

Oh, my, more Women's Lib. The Boston Celtics have come up with "Women's Lib Night." On Jan 26, ladies attending the Celtics-Cavaliers game in Boston Garden can bring any number of men friends in with them at half price. The ladies, of course, will pay full freight for their tickets.

A CLOCKWORK BIRCH

In Ireland, of all places, and at the Curragh, the hallowed Irish racecourse, horses have been running over steeplechase fences made of plastic instead of traditional birch. Plastic fences? In Ireland? The argument is that birch, supposedly ideal for steeplechase fences because of its lightness, presents problems. For one thing, it doesn't stand up too well under weather, and a fence rarely lasts more than three years. For another, because birch is no good for lumber, it is not widely grown and the supply in Great Britain and Ireland is dwindling. Thus, the inevitable plastic.

"We've tested our plastic fences near hot heaters and even in a deepfreeze," says Michael Hickman, one of the developers of the artificial barriers. "They hold up." The plastic version costs about £500 ($1,250) a fence compared to £350 ($875) for one constructed of birch but, says Hickman, "We'll guarantee them for five years."

There has been little outcry, even from veterans of the sport. Indeed, David Mould, who rides for Queen Elizabeth, says, "They seem marvelous. They may be the fences of the future."

The good old future again. As George Allen says, it is now. You have to accept it, but you can't help thinking of past years and the Grand National at Aintree, of the imposing photographs of horses crashing through Aintree's awesome fences. It is never pleasant to see a horse and rider fall, but when brush and branches come to earth with them there is a certain dignity to the disaster. Crumpling to the ground in a shower of plastic seems demeaning.

AGE CANNOT WITHER

Wilt Chamberlain's new style of play (SI, Dec. 13 *et seq.*), in which his main function on offense is as an assist man—get the rebound and start the fast break with a quick pass—could extend his career for years. A season or so ago it looked as though Chamberlain was on his last legs, or knees, but Tom Heinsohn, the Boston Celtic coach, says that isn't so anymore. "The way he's playing now," Heinsohn said after Chamberlain and the Lakers beat the Celtics during their epic winning streak, "Wilt can go another 10 years. He's really playing only one end of the floor, which was the way Bill Russell did it. He could go on until he's 45 years old."

THEY SAID IT

- Sam Aubrey, Oklahoma State basketball coach, asked how he slept after his team's 83–62 loss to Colorado: "Just like a baby. I would sleep an hour, then wake up and cry for an hour."
- Tim McCarver, Philadelphia Phillie catcher, formerly of the St. Louis Cardinals: "I remember one time going out on the mound to talk with Bob Gibson. He told me to get back behind the batter, that the only thing I knew about pitching was it was hard to hit."
- Abner Haynes, former Miami Dolphin halfback, recalling the team's early days: "They trained Flipper so that when we scored a touchdown he'd come flying through this flaming hoop. Back then that little dude didn't get many chances to jump."

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TV TALK

If you can hit it, catch it or kick it, you'll probably find it on the tube in '72

Given the current trend in television, it is possible to conceive a schedule completely dominated by sport—which would not be all that bad, considering the present state of programming. One would awaken not to the *Today* show but to *Locker Room*, and wend one's way through jock soap opera (*As the Ball Turns*), jock newscasts and jock-sit-coms (*I Love Slugger*, *Umpire Knows Best*). Prompting this utopian fantasy is the rush of sports programming coming our way in 1972 from the three major networks and a handful of enterprising independents. All told, the medium will be giving us about 1,250 hours of the sporting message this year, breaking down to 24 hours per week.

We have the Olympics to thank for much of the surge—36 hours of it from Sapporo on NBC and 67 more from Munich next summer on ABC. But television will also be making its first big move into tennis, hooking up to the recent explosive growth of the game. Unfortunately, along with the increasing impact of sport on television come new intrusions by the medium on the games themselves—at least two night contests are now planned for the 1972 World Series, for example, so that TV can cash in on the bigger nighttime audience.

With the exception of one apparently unlamented "canned" sports feature, *Pin Point Bowling*, every sports attraction will be returning in 1972—among them *Wide World of Sport* (which has its eye on some new projects, including the Fischer-Spassky chess matches), *The World of Sports Illustrated* and *Gold Classic*. The only real question mark at year's end was NCAA football, whose TV contract with ABC expired in December. After negotiation, ABC has landed the package again in '72, but with some of the old hamstrings on scheduling gone.

Tennis comes in a couple of new wrappings. Lamar Hunt's 32-man World Championship Tennis troupe is providing the talent for both a canned series on CBS—a courtside version of the match-play golf show—and for a series of eight live matches on NBC starting Feb. 20. The CBS feature, 15 shows in all, will be taped in secret during an elimination tournament in March, then aired on a one-a-week basis from May 21 to Aug. 27. NBC's series is the sort to warm the heart of any network time salesman. Lamar Hunt brought the package to NBC 75% presold to Shell Oil, American Express and half a dozen other sponsors. All NBC had to do was sign on the dotted line—and deposit the checks. "That's the trend and a good one," said one network spokesman.

ABC, which passed NBC in the ratings race this season, has an energetic and innovative sports lineup to thank for at least part of its progress. It has been an article of faith for years in the industry that Monday night was a key to ratings throughout the rest of the week. By snaring and holding a major portion of the Monday night audience with its pro football series, ABC gave itself a consistent leg up on its rivals during the fall. The Cosell-Gifford-Meredith team averaged a solid 36% share of the audience, matched by CBS with its *Here's Lucy* but trailed by NBC's *Monday Night at the Movies*. ABC says it has no plans for a Monday night pro basketball series this spring, despite the bullish returns on pro football. One reason is that basketball's demographics—the audience profile—are not as rich as pro football's. The network did carry one Monday night game, the Knicks vs. the Bucks on Jan. 3, but the 16% share left something to be desired. On the other hand, the Sunday, Jan. 9 game between the Bucks and the Lakers is sure to score high in the ratings. Too bad for ABC it can't find a similar attraction each week. In all, ABC leads the networks in total sports programming once again: 470 hours vs. 320 for NBC and 262 for CBS. Last year's figures were, respectively, 325, 250 and 247.

No clearer proof exists of sport's impact on the tube than the way it is beginning to preempt regular programming. NBC will be knocking off the last half hour of its *Today* show for a week during Sapporo, and nine sessions of Johnny Carson will be scrubbed for the same icy extravaganza. One difficulty plaguing ABC's Munich coverage will be the time difference between the U.S. and Germany. (NBC gets a much better break with the bigger time spread between here and Japan.) Some events from Munich would hit U.S. viewers at such awkward times as 2 a.m. EST. ABC will get around some of this with taped delays.

Like gypsy cab drivers scrapping for rainy-day fares, the TV independents are finding the sports leftovers slimmer pickings each year. Outfits like the Hughes, Coliseum and Century Golf networks depend more on their wits than their pocketbooks to come up with salable properties. A good example is the Coliseum Sports package of seven NCAA collegiate basketball games that kicked off with UCLA against Notre Dame last month. Hughes and Century have managed to latch onto more than a dozen PGA tour events (but not the "slam" tournaments, which remain with the networks). In all, Joe Dey and the Tournament Players Division have 27 events on television this year—the largest lineup ever. Alas, the one Joe wanted most, the Match Play Championship, has yet to find a 1972 home.

It is the kind of year to gladden the heart—even if it does weary the eyes—of the most relentless sporting animal.

—Gwilym S. Brown



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A COWBOY STAMPEDE

Dallas had the horses to defeat Miami in Duane Thomas, Walt Garrison and Calvin Hill, and they all ran wild in the Super Bowl, leaving the Dolphins floundering in a cloud of dust—well, Poly-Dust **by TEX MAULE**

It can take a spell to get all the bugs out of a computer, but Head Programmer Tom Landry has finally got his Dallas Cowboys printing out to perfection. At least there wasn't any evidence of a breakdown on Sunday in New Orleans, where the Cowboys demolished the Miami Dolphins 24–3 on the Poly-Turf in Tulane Stadium. In the process, they were all but unstoppable on the ground, with celebrated nonstop, nontalker Duane Thomas (*see cover*), Walt Garrison and Calvin Hill amassing most of a Super Bowl-record 252 yards rushing and, once Roger Staubach got his receivers sorted out, overwhelming through the air as well.

In 60 minutes they made just one mistake and this was only their second turnover in three playoff games. It came in the closing moments when Hill fumbled on a dive from the Miami one that would have given the Cowboys a needless fourth touchdown.

Miami, on the other hand, made three mistakes, all to its enduring sorrow. In the first period Larry Csonka, the burly

continued



The Dallas running attack set a Super Bowl record, with Thomas exploding for 95 yards and Garrison (right) blasting away for 74 more.


GARRISON
32

running back who had not fumbled all season, lost touch with the ball on the Dallas 46, and Linebacker Chuck Howley recovered for the Cowboys. Twelve plays later Mike Clark kicked a nine-yard field goal that gave Dallas a lead it never relinquished.

The Cowboys got their first touchdown on their own hook, a seven-yard Staubach-to-Lance Alworth pass completing a 76-yard second-period drive. With the score now 10–0 and less than two minutes before halftime, Miami finally made a threatening gesture, driving to the Dallas 24 on Bob Griese's passes to Jim Kiick and Paul Warfield. But the Dolphins had to settle for a 31-yard Garo Yepremian field goal when Warfield failed to hang on to a tipped Griese pass on the Dallas two. Still, there was the appearance of a contest as late as halftime. But not for long. The Cowboys wrapped it all up early in the third quarter, driving 71 yards in eight plays, Thomas going in from three yards out to make the score 17–3.

In truth, the outcome had been signed, sealed and delivered long before—in point of fact, before the opening kickoff. So well had Landry—and the computers he uses to analyze opposing offenses and defenses—dissected the Dolphins in the days leading up to the Super Bowl that in only one small respect did he have to adjust his game plan. The Miami linebackers covered the Dallas running backs man for man on first-down passes, so Landry, who picks the plays for Staubach, reverted to his more usual practice of calling runs on that down.

Going into the game, the Cowboys had expected to run up the middle, throw to their backs and seal off the most shark-like Dolphin, Middle Linebacker Nick Buoniconti. They did all of those things just about as the computer and Landry had predicted they could.

The Cowboys had expected to shackle Csonka and Kiick, the formidable running backs, to deny Warfield, the nonpareil wide receiver, his favorite inside routes and to harry Griese on the pass plays, and they did all those things, too. Their 10–3 halftime lead was fashioned by Staubach implementing Landry's calls by whipsawing the Dolphin defense with quick, short passes, quick striking runs over the center or the left side of the outmanned Dolphin line and, on rare occasions, by throwing a long pass or hot-footing it on a scramble.

The Dolphins, naturally, realigned their defenses at halftime to stop the Dallas ground attack up the middle, and Landry, just as naturally, guessed they would do that and struck elsewhere. Said Dave Manders, the Dallas center who played a big part in neutralizing Buoniconti: "We figured at the half they would adjust to stop the inside stuff, so we swept in the second half with quick pitchouts wide."

The Cowboys prepared themselves for this game with the precision that is their mark. The Dolphins, in their first Super Bowl, were being true to their nature, too. Someone asked Head Coach

The first quarter comes to an end with the Dolphins in retreat, as Bob Lilly catches a scrambling Bob Griese for a 29-yard loss.





Dallas Quarterback Roger Staubach had no such embarressing moments; his redoubtable blockers kept the Dolphin defenders flipping.

Don Sbula if his club was relaxed, and Shula, who has matured socially as well as professionally during his two years in Miami, smiled. "They are individuals," he said. "The ones who are always relaxed before a game are relaxed and the ones who are always tense and serious are tense and serious. I think it is a mistake to ask a club to be either one way or the other. What you want the players to do is be themselves and I think our players have been themselves this week."

"The Dolphins are a well-coached young football team," Dallas Player-Coach Dan Reeves said before the game. "That makes it fairly easy to prepare for them. Because they are disciplined and well coached, you know exactly what they are going to do. They are not going to come up and play a defense you haven't seen. They *could* come up with a new defense, I suppose, but they are basically a young team and they can't play a lot of changeups. With an inexperienced club, the only way to play good football is to do the same thing over and over again. You can't give them more offense or defense than they can handle.

"We aren't necessarily planning to attack the Miami defense specifically," Reeves explained. "We're attacking a defense we have seen a lot of other teams play."

However, Miami did present one thorny problem in the person of Buoniconti, who, though comparatively small for his position, is inordinately quick and intelligent. So the Dallas strategists concentrated on neutralizing him.

The Dolphins usually play what is called an odd line—a defensive setup that puts a lineman head on against the opposing center—in this case, Manders. Since Manders has the responsibility for blocking the middle linebacker on most running plays, this, in effect, frees Buoniconti, allowing him to roam and fill whatever hole materializes.

The blocking the Cowboys planned to use to clear the way to Buoniconti was called do-dad blocking by Vince Lombardi when the Packers used it to break Jim Taylor or Paul Hornung on power sweeps or cutbacks. In the modern, more sophisticated nomenclature of the Cowboys, it is referred to as slip-wedge blocking.

Manders and All-Pro Guard John Niland were given the responsibility for making the technique work. "We plan to run over the middle on them when they are in an odd line," Niland explained before the game. "The backs are the key in the way they run. They have to make a good fake to the right, to take Buoniconti a step or two in that direction, then cut back over the middle. Manders and I will contain the man playing over the center's head—wedge him—then one of us will slide off and take Buoniconti in the direction he has started to go. If we can seal off Buoniconti, Thomas or

continued

Hill or Garrison should have running room and all they need is a crack. If the Dolphins go out of the odd line into a four-three, with no one over the center, we'll go off tackle."

If Buoniconti presented a special problem to Dallas, All-Pro Tackle Bob Lilly presented just as much of a challenge to Miami. Ed Khayat, the coach of the Philadelphia Eagles, expatiated on that prior to the game. "When you're getting ready to play Dallas, you spend about half your time trying to figure out how you're going to handle Lilly," he said. "And if you put as many men on him as you should, they have a lot of people who'll eat you alive."

The Cowboys planned to make minor adjustments in their defense to handle Miami's most potent threat, the Griese-to-Warfield deep pass. But they anticipated no difficulty in reading the Dolphin offense, which they felt was predictable. "When they are going to run," Jordan explained, "the wide receiver is six or seven yards closer in than he is when they are going to pass. This gives him a better opportunity to block on the end or the linebacker." This is especially true when Csonka carries the ball. His favorite drive is back to the weak side and Warfield will close in, since he is a strong blocker.

"When he does that, we'll be in the backfield before he can throw the block," Jordan said. "Howley is extremely fast coming in from weakside linebacker. On the other side, Cornell Green can come quick from a position close to the line, and he's a big, strong safety who won't be overmatched by Csonka or Kiick. Of course, they might pass against that kind of defense, but a lot of their inside routes would be closed off so we know the pass will have to go to the outside and the cornerbacks can shut that off. We also want to confuse Griese with a lot of different looks. Under the kind of pressure our defensive line can put on him, he won't have much time to recognize what is happening."

In the Cowboys' third-quarter drive, Landry's meticulous preparation and his one halftime adjustment worked to perfection. The slip-wedge block sealed off Buoniconti, and Thomas sliced back off the right side for 23 yards to set up a first down on the Miami 22.

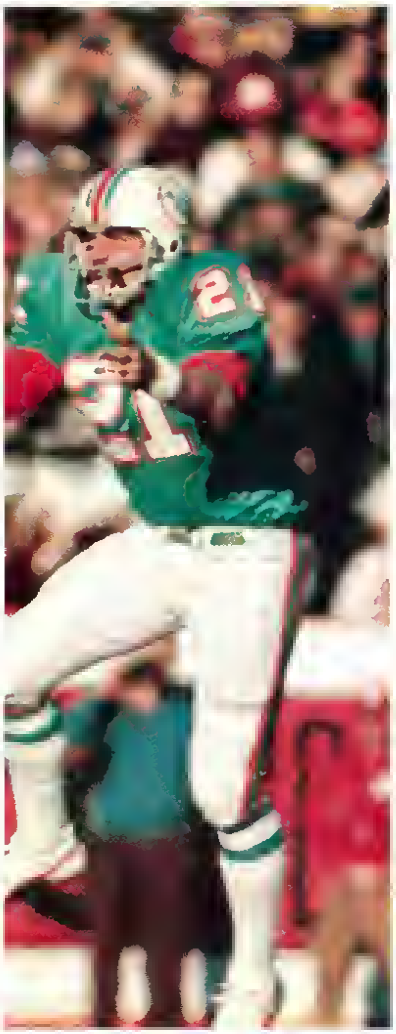
"Landry is the quietest guy in the world when he's losing, but if he beats you he gigs you a little bit," Reeves





Staubach's pass to Lance Alworth barely gets by outstretched hands of Curtis Johnson for Cowboys' first touchdown, while Chuck Howley's interception (below) seals Miami's fate.





had said, and now Landry, winning, gigged the Dolphins with a flanker reverse by Bob Hayes good for 16 yards and a first down at the Miami six. Thomas made his touchdown two plays later and the score was 17–3.

Early in the fourth period, in the first of two drives the Dolphins managed in the second half, the Cowboys' intimate knowledge of Miami's attack patterns again paid off. Miami had reached its own 49, with third and four coming up. Twice before, with third down and comparable yardage, Griese had thrown to Kiick, completing the pass both times, but not for enough yardage to make the first down. So, sure enough, Griese called the same play and the Dolphins made their second mistake of the game. Howley was lying in wait for the ball. He picked it off in front of the flabbergasted Kiick and ran 41 yards to the Miami nine.

"We'd been faking at cutting off that pattern all day," Howley said. This time it was no fake.

Howley wasn't tackled at the nine; he just stumbled and fell. "Please don't mention that," he said. "I'm embarrassed."

His pratfall made no real difference. From the nine, Staubach took the Cowboys to a touchdown in three plays. A seven-yard pass to Tight End Mike Ditka made the score 24–3 and the Miami fans, who have a tradition of waving white handkerchiefs every time their heroes score, used them to wipe away the tears. They had the opportunity to shed a few more on the last Miami march, which came to a dolorous end on the Dallas 16, Griese fumbling the snap from center and Cowboy End Larry Cole recovering.

Then the Cowboys mounted their final drive and this time Landry, like a gambler playing on house money, started drawing to inside straights—and filling them. It wasn't really necessary. The Cowboys were moving the ball well following their original strategy, but what happened next underlined the extraordinary firepower they have when they care to call on it.

They had reached the Miami 20 on routine plays. There, with fourth down and a short one, Landry sent in his field-goal team for a 27-yard chip shot. But Reeves, the holder, jumped up and ran seven yards to the Dolphin 13 for a first down.

Safety Dick Anderson diagnosed the next play and dropped Hill for a five-yard loss on an attempted sweep. At this point, the officials stopped the clock for the two-minute warning and Staubach trotted over to the sideline to confer with Landry. When he came back, he gigged the Dolphins, calling a tight-end around to Ditka, who trundled to the one-yard line, where he was overhauled by Defensive Tackle Manny Fernandez.

From the one, Hill tried his dive and made his fumble, Fernandez recovering the ball for Miami on the four but to no avail, as the clock ran out a few plays later.

Later, in the quiet, dispirited Dolphin dressing room, Griese was asked for perhaps the 40th time if he had felt frustrated during the game. He sighed and said, "A number of times, my man, a number of times."

"The way I see it," Staubach was saying at about the same time in the Dallas dressing room, "was that in today's game my people were doing a lot of things right and maybe Griese's were doing a lot of things wrong."

Which is what the manager of the Cowboys' computer company had once told Cowboy President Tex Schramm, only he put it more vividly. Speaking of the value of computers, he said, "You put garbage in, you get garbage out."

There is no garbage on the Dallas Cowboys. Not anymore. **END**





CROONING THAT SAME OLD SONG

Unaccountably blessed by four straight days of dazzling sunshine, the Crosby was never more exquisite—and the result never more familiar. Foul weather or fair, Jack Nicklaus calls the tune

by DAN JENKINS

It was every golfer's romantic image of what the game is all about, and what it rarely ever is. It was so purely heavenly that all of those millionaires up there in the forest and all of those artists down there on the rocks will be more intolerable than ever about the glories of the place they inhabit, this place called the Monterey Peninsula, set in oils, watercolors, Dutch doors, postcards and money. Carmel-by-the-Sea and Pebble Beach-by-the-Nicklaus. It was Riviera West, in double-knit and cleat.

What happened was professional tournament golf got all dressed up last week in its finest weather, at its prettiest place, and then, to top everything off, thrust most of its appealing stars into the forefront of an event that has all the glamour it can usually handle, anyhow, what with movie stars roaming all over the place. Quite suddenly and surprisingly, the Bing Crosby National Pro-Amateur was the PGA tour at its absolute dazzling best.

It was unlike anything the Crosby tournament had ever produced before, which was fog, rain, cold and an occasional string of pars for the winner. This was show biz. It was Jack Nicklaus and Tony Jacklin and Lee Trevino and the young hero Johnny Miller firing colossal golf on some of the world's most renowned courses under skies that stubbornly remained cloudless and blue from the postcard 16th at Cypress Point to the cliffs of Big Sur.

And if the week seemed pretty much of a fantasy with all the exotic scores on the rugged terrain of Pebble Beach, Cypress Point and Spyglass Hill, it ended quite properly with still another dramatic element—a sudden-death playoff between Nicklaus and Miller. Although darkness was mildly threatening to turn the tournament into a breakfast event, Nicklaus managed to stay in the same old rut he had been in for weeks.

When Jack finally had to have it, he went out to the 15th green and sank himself a 25-foot birdie putt on the first extra hole to win his fifth tournament out of his last six tries, his second Crosby and his third championship on the lovely peninsula, having captured a U.S. Amateur at Pebble Beach back in 1961.

So let's see, now. When we last left Nicklaus it was 1971 and he had just taken two big tournaments down in Australia with some startling scores, following that up with a win in the World Cup in Palm Beach. He then slipped to a horrendous third-place tie in the Heritage at Hilton Head Island, but he won the Disney World at Orlando, which gave him a money-winning record of $244,490 for the year. Terrible finish. Right?

Now it was 1972. The Crosby is always Nicklaus' first tournament of the year, so he said he arrived on the peninsula more inquisitive about his game than anything else. Would he still be playing well? He didn't know. As it turned out, he played satisfactorily—for him—from tee to green all the way on all the courses with the lone exception of a poor nine holes—a 40—at Spyglass on the second day.

"It was the only nine holes I didn't get to practice on," Jack said later. Wouldn't that figure?

Nicklaus had opened the tournament with a crushing 66 at Cypress Point, taking a three-stroke lead on the field. That was the coolest and windiest day of the week, although it was clear and enchanting and nothing like those notorious Crosbys of other years. There was wind, but hardly a gale. Still, Nicklaus was fortunate to be on Cypress that day, Cypress being the easiest of the three courses. Johnny Miller, the San Franciscan, was at Cypress, too, but he shot a 75 and found himself a whopping nine shots back of Nicklaus. The fact did not bother him much. At that point he was worrying mostly about making the cut.

The second day was when things changed. Nicklaus began his round on the back nine at Spyglass in the early morning, and it was at the 15th hole (his 6th) that he made a major contribution to the thrilling race that developed. There he spun a shot off the green and back into the water for a double bogey, and he followed that up with another bogey by three-putting. He was on his way to a 74 while Miller was firing a four-under 68 on the same course and picking up six strokes. Jacklin, meanwhile, playing better golf than anyone had seen him do lately and wearing knickers like some modern-day Harry Vardon, was holding steady with his second straight 70 and moving into a tie with Nicklaus. Trevino, who would ultimately win the pro-am part of the show with his amateur partner, Don Schwab, a nine-handicap advertising executive from Los Angeles ("My thief," Trevino called him), was also lurking close after rounds of 69 and 74. The big names were up front, granting that Johnny Miller is becoming a big name.

As it happened, the leading contenders

continued

Pebble Beach still looked like the course that terrorized golfers but, bathed in bright sun and gentle breezes, it played like a lamb

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTIN MILLS

were all at Pebble Beach on Saturday, and this was the finest day for golf in anyone's memory around Monterey. Yet, strangely, only Miller among the leaders took real advantage of it. The course gave up 13 subpar rounds on Saturday, including a record-tying 65 by Bob Rosburg and then a record-breaking 64 by Rod Funseth. Miller himself seemed ready to shoot something even more absurd than those figures when he went six under par through the first 12 holes. He cooled down a bit and finished with a more modest 67, which was still good enough to shove him into the lead on a course he has been playing since he was a teen-ager.

At this point Miller was one stroke ahead of Nicklaus and Jacklin and three strokes ahead of Trevino and the ever-present unknown, Herb Hooper. What would a golf tournament be without at least one Herb Hooper lurking about?

"I'm playing as well as I was just before Christmas," Nicklaus confided, "but my putter must still be at Cypress. I haven't holed anything in two days."

For awhile it looked as if he wouldn't hole anything on Sunday, either. Through the first seven holes, he managed only one birdie—despite having chances on at least five holes—and bogeyed both of the par-3s, No. 5 and No. 7. With that, he dropped three strokes behind Miller, who birdied the 7th.

Only Trevino started out in a way that suggested he might make a move on Miller. Gabby as ever and seemingly more concerned with the pro-am phase than anything else, he birdied the 2nd, 3rd and 4th holes to leap into a tie for the lead, even though he was spending most of his time lining up putts for his partner Schwab. But then came the 6th hole, a par-5 along the ocean. As Trevino explained, "All I did was let a three-wood go off in my hand." The three-wood really went off in the sea. Trevino suddenly had a double bogey and he was out of contention. But Miller did what a lot of young and relatively inexperienced pros sometimes do. He grudgingly made three consecutive bogeys and came back to the field—back to Nicklaus.

In rapid fashion then, with the tournament now on television, they each began to win it and they each began to lose it. When Nicklaus made virtually his first putt in three days for a long birdie and a stroke lead at 14, Miller countered with a long birdie of his own at the 15th and they were tied again.

What happened next must have shaken all who believe that touring pros never have to worry about anything but making putts and what color slacks they are going to wear. On the 16th Miller shanked a seven-iron more skillfully than any trick-shot artist could ever do. Just cold-shanked it. A pitchout, a lateral, the worst thing that can happen to a golfer; a ball that goes off the heel of the club face and squirts directly at the gallery. A Spiro special. "I haven't shanked a shot since I was 12 years old," Miller said later. "I'd forgotten what it was."

Only a remarkable bunker shot saved a bogey for him and kept him within a stroke of Nicklaus. It was on the 17th, a par-3 hanging on a ridge above some rocks, ocean, sea lions, coots and what-not, that Nicklaus missed a 2½-foot putt for a par, giving Miller a share of the lead again.

"The bad thing about the shank was that I had two more irons to play," Miller said. "They say when you shank once you're liable to shank everything. The three-iron I hit to 17 I caught right on the heel. It's a good thing the club has a long blade. Then I had to hit an approach shot on the 18th. I said to myself, don't hit another one. Not on television. I was really shook up. More embarrassed than anything."

Nicklaus and Miller halved the last hole in par 5 and then went out to the 15th where Nicklaus' putter came back to him for one more precious time and gave him a chance to be the only undefeated golfer of the year. He is not only five out of his last six, he is, after all, also one for one. Thinking ahead to the U.S. Open, which will be played at Pebble Beach in June, somebody asked Nicklaus, "Do you think this makes you the favorite for the Open?" Jack gave the question the shrug it deserved, but then he said, "Although I won I didn't exactly take Pebble Beach apart, did I?"

Will anyone, come U.S. Open time? It is a worthy question. Before the low rounds came rising out of Carmel Bay, Joe Dey, who ran the USGA for 34 years and now runs the pro tour, and who usually knows more about such things than anyone else, had looked Pebble over.

"I don't think Pebble Beach's reputation is exaggerated," he said. "I think there are four or five really classic holes here, and you can't normally find that many on a single course. In addition, for the Open I'd say they're making it about a stroke and a half tougher per round than it was."

By taking the Open to Pebble Beach, the USGA finally did something that the British Open has been doing forever—playing on a links, a course hard by the sea. By tradition, British Opens can't be played anywhere else.

The U.S. Open can and has been played just about everywhere—from farmland to river bottoms—except by an ocean. At least not since 1923, when it was held at Inwood on Long Island, N.Y., a course now frequently seen from the windows of jetliners landing at JFK. It is high time the Open returned to a links, and the vagaries of weather that implies. No one in his proper mind could expect the Pebble Beach weather to be the same in late June for the Open as it was for the 31st Crosby.

Bing Crosby himself says, "This weather was a 50-to-1 shot."

Jack Tuthill, the PGA tour director, says, "It can get just as cold here in June as it can in January. The fog could move in and stay three days. It could rain. But it could also be very nice. I think Pebble should play more consistently than it normally does at the Crosby. It ought to be faster, the ground harder. The lies should be tight and the greens should be good."

The USGA will hold to Pebble Beach's par of 72, which means that 288 would be a nice figure to shoot at over four rounds. If someone were to manage eight under par, or 280, that would not embarrass the Pebble lovers. Anything below that might. The weather plus the rough suggests it should not happen.

Not too many drastic changes have been made for the Open. All were visible at the Crosby, except that many of the back tees were not used. A new bunker was put in here, a tee or two lengthened there.

"They've concentrated on the early holes, which were always thought to be too short," says Tuthill. "To me the golf course starts at the 8th hole, and then it's all you'll ever want."

The first-time golfer at Pebble Beach, having been properly built up for the occasion by what he may have read or

continued

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heard, unfailingly begins to wonder where the water is. A number of holes are right on the ocean, such as the 18th and the 8th, a scenic and demanding par-4 that requires a second shot down and over a cavern of rocks and waves. But the golfer cannot actually see the water or play near it until he reaches the 6th. Except that if he slices his drive at the 4th and happens to ask a companion where the sea is, he is likely to be told, "You're in it."

Thus Pebble has its subtleties as well as its drama. And it will have even more during the Open, with harder and faster greens and the thick, high rough that grows around and behind them. The competitors will likely find themselves timidly underclubbing. "Over a green will be the worst place to be," said Nicklaus last week. "It will be tough to get down in two."

For all of its charm, its fame and this year its Open-preview quality, the pros are no great lovers of Pebble Beach—or even of the Crosby. They don't like playing on three different courses, they don't like the normally bad weather ("It takes three weeks to get your swing back," says Gay Brewer), they don't like being paired with amateurs, they don't like the expenses and they don't like playing even one round on Spyglass Hill.

For instance, Arnold Palmer had been thinking the last few years of skipping the Crosby. The man who has made more of an effort to play at more tournaments than anyone else reasoned that he couldn't play them all, so why not pass up the Crosby, which he had never won? "It won't be the same as the Open course, anyhow," he said at the Los Angeles Open.

Told of Palmer's intentions, the world almost collapsed for NBC, which was televising the event, and for the 3M Company, a sponsor. Palmer was begged to play. And then he was ordered to play by some undiplomatic soul. That clinched it. Palmer was among the missing on the peninsula, the only thing that kept this from being about the best Crosby ever staged.

When it was over, the Jack Nicklauses, the Lee Trevinos, the Tony Jacklins and the Johnny Millers—all the glamour types—had combined with some brochure weather to make the Crosby Clambake a very inviting appetizer for the U.S. Open feast to come. **END**



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BACK-TO-SCHOOL TIME FOR TERRY DANIELS

Champion Joe Frazier gave his young challenger a cram course in the left hook, and then sent him back to SMU to study law **by RON FIMRITE**

Some 48 hours before he savaged poor Terry Daniels, Joe Frazier sat in a bathtub of cold water contemplating, in a manner of speaking, his navel.

"I'm not a lazy, shortcut kind of guy," he said from the depths of the tub and presumably his soul. "My philosophy is work, hard work. That's all I know. Everybody wants something, but nobody works hard enough to get it. Me, I've got my title, and I like it. But I have to work hard to hold it."

Frazier was not obliged to work especially hard to hold his heavyweight championship away from Daniels' feeble clutches last week in New Orleans' Rivergate arena. The lightly rigged contender from Dallas by way of Willoughby, Ohio was knocked to the mat four times—mostly by Frazier's thunderous left hook—before Referee Herman Dutreix tardily called it an evening. With that Frazier had retained his title, as everyone, with the possible exception of Daniels, knew he would, but he had proved only that he has literally grown in office. At 215½ pounds he was 10½ pounds heavier than he was last March when he defeated Muhammad Ali and at least seven pounds over the weight he personally assigned himself for this inconsequential bout.

Like many men who have been fat boys, Frazier is a weight watcher and he was clearly disturbed by the extra pounds, blaming them, in fact, on the Louisiana State Athletic Commission scales. He was 213 on the hotel bathroom scales that very morning, he said, and he suspected that even these were inaccurate. It all seemed a plot to embarrass him.

"They had them on the ring mat," he said, "and you can't get scales to balance on a soft mat. Either that or I drank a lot of water."

But in his new philosophical humor, Frazier was prepared to accept, albeit reluctantly, the evidence of unwanted poundage. "I've been grinding away in other fights to get down to 203, 204. Now I've decided to be more comfortable." "He is getting older and bigger," says Manager Yank Durham. Frazier turned 28 three days before the fight.

There were those who viewed the new bulk as proof that Frazier had grown soft during the long layoff following his masterful defeat of Ali. But they could not prove this by Daniels, who was frankly astonished at his opponent's strength and ferocity. At one point in their joint press conference after the aborted struggle, Daniels remarked that he had thrown punches that would have "kept a normal guy off me."

Frazier's eyes opened wide. "What am I?" he inquired. "A gorilla?"

"I would have rather fought a gorilla," said Daniels.

Such ripostes are characteristic of the latest losing contender for Frazier's title. Daniels is an engaging 25-year-old whose wit will be best appreciated on the campus of Southern Methodist University, from which he came and to which he says he will now wisely return.

The worst thing that happened to him all week was the fight. Aside from that, he had a ball. New Orleans was filled to overflowing with Super Bowl visitors, including untold thousands from Daniels' adopted hometown, Dallas. Daniels was also consistently good copy for the hordes of newspapermen who were in town, not necessarily to see him fight. In fact, he may be the most articulate pug since Gene Tunney. And considering the competition for media space, the fight really needed Daniels more than he needed it.

One day, while slurping oysters in one of the French Quarter seafood houses, Daniels happily admitted that "at first I never seriously contemplated fighting for the title. I was just goofing around then. I knew that physically I had no problems, but I needed to build to it emotionally. Finally, desire emerged. I was overawed when I fought and lost to Floyd Patterson last May, so when I faced Manuel Ramos two months later I knew I had to prove myself. Not that he was that tough. It was just that I had to win, had to perform under pressure. I did. I won and I fought well."

Daniels is not, by any definition, a hungry fighter. His father is a well-to-do Cleveland businessman and Daniels was reared in what for most fighters would be considered Oriental splendor. He was an all-round athlete at South High School in suburban Willoughby. He pitched on the baseball team and played good enough football to make the SMU freshman team in 1964 as a defensive halfback. A football knee injury and a hanging curveball turned him to boxing as an outlet for his considerable energies. He enjoyed some success as an amateur and became professional more or



Professor Frazier did not do much talking, but he knew how to get his message across

less as a lark. He was hardly a subscriber to Frazier's work ethic, but some easy successes and his emerging status as a local celebrity in Dallas led him to the ultimately foolish notion that prizefighting is nice work for a young man who thinks he's got it. And so last week he had his fling—probably his last—as a national personality, a big shot who would fight for the heavyweight championship before 25 million television watchers.

Daniels ate it up. He walked freely on the New Orleans streets, signing autographs, chatting with well-wishers and doomsayers alike and nimbly answering journalistic inquiries of surpassing banality. His emotional high continued until fight time. He appeared for the weigh-in without his boxing trunks, explaining that he didn't know the event would be televised and that he was accustomed to being weighed only in his undershorts. He was 191½ pounds with his trousers on and his pockets heavy with change. Alongside the bulking Frazier, he looked frail and helpless, an observation that proved accurate enough later in the day.

What the promoters of the match—Century Telesports Network—saw in this pleasant young man will remain mysterious unless Daniels himself explained the phenomenon when he said, "All the other contenders have been around a long while. Maybe the public is tired of them."

If nothing else, Daniels was a party to history. This was New Orleans' first heavyweight championship match since Jim Corbett took the title from John L. Sullivan in 1892. And it was the first nationally televised heavyweight title fight in five years. A larger audience watched Daniels and Frazier than watched Ali and Frazier. Still, the fight should never have happened.

Daniels entered the ring smiling and nodding to all of his new friends. He studied his white shoes while Frazier measured him with a baleful stare during the instructions from Dutreix. In the beginning Daniels took Frazier's numbing left hooks on his gloves, but even the near misses seemed to pain him. He was knocked face down seconds before the bell sounded to end the first round and preserve him for further punishment. He remained upright—barely—in the second round as Frazier missed with his bombs. But he was down twice in the third and once more in the fourth. The penultimate knockdown was brutal. Daniels bounced off the ropes after taking one of those terrible hooks flush in the face and fell forward, much like a man diving from a tall building. He lay there frozen for an instant, then somehow—and for no good reason—clambered to his feet. So Frazier pounded him through the ropes almost into the press row, and Dutreix stopped the fight without a count. Daniels was dejected and hurting after his courageous stand. Still, he managed a one-liner: "They needed a math major for a referee, he had to count so much."

The mismatch could justifiably have been stopped after the first knockdown. Continuing the carnage served no purpose. Daniels had learned all he needed to know when the first heavy hook bounced off his handsome young face. But he did come through the ordeal a richer—by some $35,000—and certainly wiser man, announcing afterward that he would return to SMU for the nine units of work he needs for a pre-law degree.

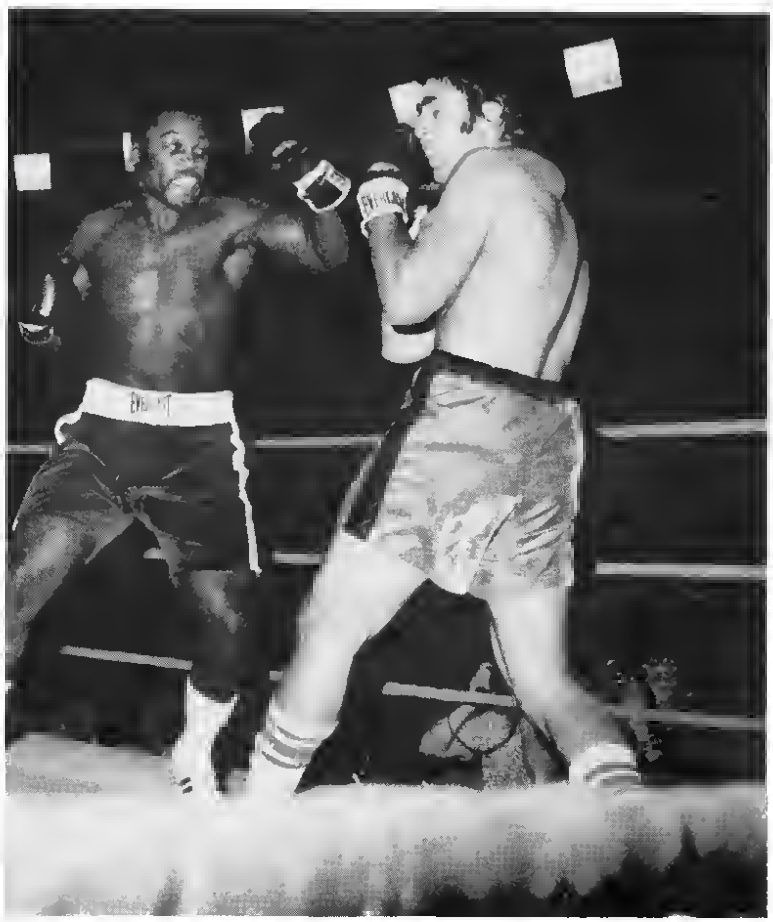
For his part, Frazier came out of the match a bigger if not necessarily better man. In the ring even an overweight Frazier is an unnerving spectacle, though. He ranks among the strongest of all heavyweights, maybe the strongest, and the big punches seem to flow from him as naturally as perspiration. But this is only an illusion. He has come by his skills through puritan endeavor and he cannot gear himself down, even for an opponent as harmless as Daniels.

"What does Daniels have that you respect?" he was asked before the fight. "His two hands," Frazier answered. "I don't look past any fighter. It takes a lot of man in heart and mind to challenge for the title. I respect that."

Mention of Ali is inevitable. Frazier himself introduces the topic at the slightest provocation. "It's all imaginary with him, this thing of saying he's better than me. He must have a room somewhere where he goes to psych himself up."

"I'll give Ali a fight," says the voluble Durham, employing the editorial 1. "I'll give him a fight if he keeps winning, stops talking so much and comes down to earth."

Down to earth is where Joe Frazier is. **END**



TAKE IT RIGHT FROM THE TOP

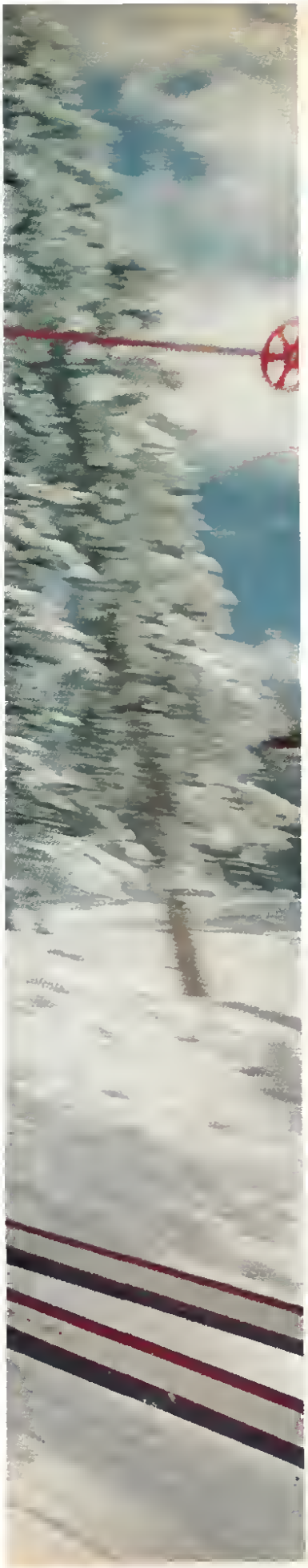
First put aside the full-time practitioners, all the ski instructors, racers, patrolmen and such distinctive professional showoffs as Stein Eriksen. Concentrate instead on the weekend schussers and part-time boomers, the recreational hot dogs whose practice has made them practically perfect—and what emerges is a gallery of America's best skiers at play

Graceful aggression is a specialty with John Schultz, 22, who abandons the regular runs at Vermont's Mad River Glen to go for high-speed slaloms through the thickets of closely set trees. A daring, strong-legged skier, Schultz prefers cutting his own path, because "it's never predictable like the manicured slopes. And besides, you can always stop on the way down to appreciate the perfect silence."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER









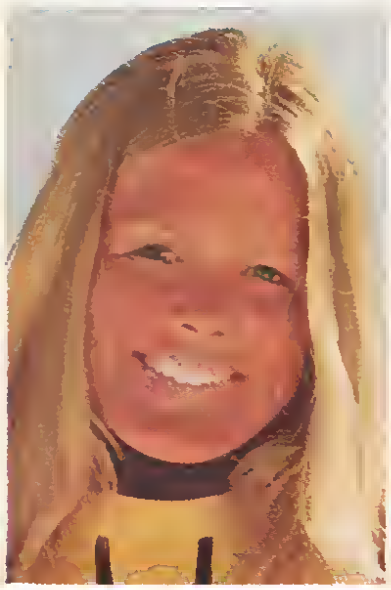
College dropout and resident hippie at Aspen, Jim Biebl sweeps out a restaurant to pay for lift tickets and is now the area's No. 1 exponent of the superjet turn, a lean-back, skis-out, full-speed-ahead maneuver. Free spirit Biebl, 23, says that some buddies learned this stunt on mescaline. "You hear music and when you jump, man, you stay up a long, long time."



A skilled sailor, private pilot and mother of four, wealthy Bostonian Anne Francis is the foremost stylist of Sugarbush, Vt., slicing smoothly through the racing gates at weekend competitions. Such power turns take constant and unrelenting practice. "I've been at this since the '30s," she says, "because my family made me get out there and learn how to ski."

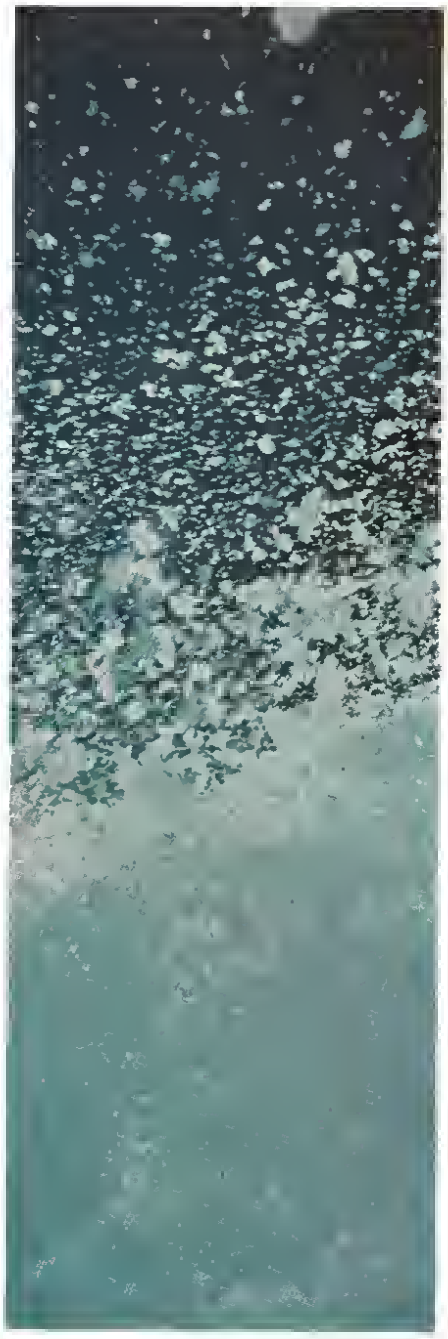






She set out to become a political science major, but Barbara Amick, 27, was sidetracked by the skiing at Sun Valley—where she works as a waitress to support her habit. Now, before admiring onlookers, she charges into her own special thing: bursting down the mountain with lovely, ladylike parallel turns, punctuated with unladylike bursts of explosive speed.







Denver restaurateur Tim Kohl, 24, is the celebrated Whoopee Jumper of Vail, high-bounding off cornices to altitudes some 50 feet off the snow, then racing through the small snowslides he touches off when he lands. The esoteric thrust behind all this derring-do is simply that "you find that you get bored just skiing down the regular runs, both feet on the snow."



Looking less like a best skier than anyone in this assemblage—he is 53 years old and wears a bit of a potbelly—Aleut Indian Pete Totemoff is nonetheless the premier powder performer of Taos, N Mex. When all others are banned it is Pete—and Pete alone—who is given rein to run Longhorn Chute, a terrifying mountain notch where avalanches await the unwary.





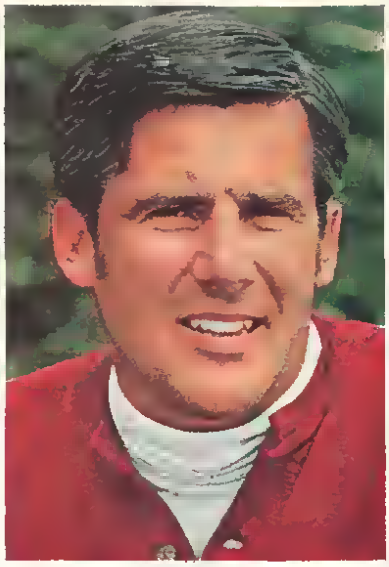
Only a few people can pull off the forward flip on skis, and certainly the prettiest is Debbie Mead, who is 26 and the pride of Jackson Hole, Wyo., a huge haven of bold experts. Not only is this move tricky, it is hard on the joints. "After six flips in a row I can't walk," she says, "but it is such fun—and I feel like a real daredevil."








ESCHER
ESCHER





Few folks can handle nonstop dashes down Snowbird's No Name Chute: Salt Lake City stockbroker Darm Penney (above) is one, and Gordon Yates (below) is one other. Known at Alta as The Crasher for his spectacular performances, Yates broke his leg warming up for a special appearance in the photograph at left—so instead of two skiers on the slope there is one.

IT'S DOWNHILL FOR THE SUPERSKIER

The boys in the highway department over to Montpelier used to get together and ski weekends then. No lifts in all of Vermont—or anywhere else. That was 1931, I believe. Yes, 1931. We'd climb the mountain for one, two hours, then make a run. Oh, we'd take lots of turns; big, wide turns. Stemming was the big technique then. We'd make that run last as long as we could—like an all-day sucker. When you got down, you knew you'd have to climb back up again. If skiing reverted back to those days, 99.9% of all skiers would quit and never go out in the snow again."

Charlie Lord, 69, of Stowe, Vt., his eyes streaming in the wind, his face the color of cherries, stands at the top of Stowe's antique single-chair lift. Right there is where the trails break off into several runs, and one is named the Charlie Lord, affectionately known as The Lord, after this pioneer of recreational skiing in America. Charlie and the boys over to Montpelier, yes, they were doing it long before the East's first rope tow was installed at Woodstock, Vt. in 1934, long before the first Western chair lift went up the mountain at Sun Valley in 1936.

Nowadays Charlie Lord is only one of five million American skiers. (He still takes a couple of careful runs every day—and stem turning is still his most obvious operative move.) The techniques of skiing have vastly improved since Charlie and the boys first strapped on their leather harnesses. New equipment has done a lot for the game—skiers now come covered in plastic and foam from head to toe—but time and constant trial have done most of the job. And suddenly one no longer has to look to Europe for the ski stylists and hot-turn technicians. They're here among us, all homegrown. And as sure as every hill has its king in this day of the mass schuss, the top skiers are identifiable. It is an arbitrary but rarely disputed choice; one skis from coast to coast and gets the judgments of experts, area managers, ski-school directors, instructors, bartenders and resident ski bums. Such a survey is so notably unstatistical, so utterly lacking in scientific method, that there is no point in quibbling over the names.

The result is a fascinating composite of the American skier—the good American skier—in the '70s, 40 years after Charlie Lord and his friends started it all. The diversity of personality and the variety of life-style among the experts in the Top Ten is as profound as the style they bring to the sport. Importantly, they're not pros—everybody knows that a paid ski instructor should be able to carve a particularly pretty turn—but skiers who have set out to conquer their sport. They include the ragged and the rich, the young and old, the rebel and Establishmentarian.

And to anyone looking for the ultimate ski tip—that one key secret in style or stance that will turn him into an overnight sensation—there is both good news and bad. First the good: it could happen to anyone. There is no single factor that makes one a member of the Top Ten. Now the bad: making the list takes as much practice as making, say, Carnegie Hall. That's it. The top skiers range from the strong and superbly athletic to those who have simply skied since near infancy. Others are either employed in such a manner that they can ski up to 60 or 70 days a year, or are essentially unemployed and thus can ski even more than that.

For example, 23-year-old Jimmy Biebl is a powerful hotdogger who turns all the heads on the hills of Aspen, Colo. when he flashes into one of his shooting-star superjet turns. This is the turn the French first made famous—lean back, hang by your ankles and toepieces, thrust your feet out. The effect is like an accident taking shape. It is the niftiest new move in the sport today. Biebl can run a mountain, never fall down, and still come up with snow behind his ears. Jim skis every skiable day of the season because he *is* a willing and happy dropout. A native of Oshkosh, Wis., he made it to the top in only five years of skiing, and his secret is there for all to see: he has put in so many miles on the mountain that he is without equal even in Aspen. Off skis, the secret of young Biebl's success is—well, it is his willingness *not* to succeed in the nonskiing straight world: he subsists on a handyman's pittance from an Aspen restaurant, with a total income in 1970 of $1,900. For the moment, he has no interest at all in pursuing anything much more ambitious. And he's particularly not interested in being an instructor. "Who wants to wake up on a great sunny day—with perfect powder—and then have to go teach old ladies how to put on their boots?" he says.

Another of the Top Ten whose employment schedule is a boon to his skiing is Bob Jensen, a 39-year-old fireman from Los Angeles. Brawny from weight lifting and as handsome as a beachboy movie star, Jensen has driven an 85-foot aerial ladder truck for the past 15 years and loves it—in large part because he is given alternate two-day, four-day weekends that allow him to speed the 300 miles to Mammoth Mountain for long skiing periods. Another late starter, Jensen did not begin to ski until he was in his 20s; he now has a style like that familiar old pro, Stein Eriksen, smooth as marshmallow syrup. He developed his technique by endless hours of studying home movies of Stein in action, followed by endless hours of imitation on the slopes.

Of course, it also helps to have started at an early age. Donald Armstrong (Darm) Penney, 32, a prosperous stockbroker in Salt Lake City, began seriously attacking the nearby powder hills when he was only six, grew up to ski for four years on the Junior National Team, competed for the University of Utah, then tried out for the 1960 U.S. Olympic team. He now skis just twice a week, but the skill he developed so early has remained.

continued

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Another one of the sport's foremost stylists, Barbara Amick, 27, began running the trails of Sun Valley when she was three; her father, now president of a Seattle sheet-metal fabricating firm, was on the 1948 Olympic ski team. If Barbara's expertise is a result of intense instruction and long practice, it also has been greatly enhanced lately by her decision to drop the pursuit of a career in political science so she can ski every day. She says of her style, "I concentrate on carving my turns; I don't like radical, flashy moves."

Neither radical nor flashy is Nigel Jones, 27, a rangy, broad-shouldered fellow who has mastered the most difficult steeps of Alpental outside Seattle with a smooth grace also born of an early start in the sport. His father, an ex-R.A.F. pilot, ran a mountaineering lodge with nearby rope tows, and Nigel began at eight, skiing every winter day for four or five years in his childhood. Now a restaurant manager with daytimes reserved for skiing, he considers Alpental "the most difficult area per square foot in the U.S." But he advises, "You can't be a really good skier by skiing in one area all your life; you must try all the different conditions and altitudes and mountains that you can."

It helps to be able to travel, to expand skiing horizons. For example, Anne Francis, 44, a statuesque mother of four, ordinarily skis the tough and crusty slopes at Sugarbush, Vt., where she owns an elegant home of her own design. A New Yorker by birth and a Bostonian by current residence, she began skiing in the mid-'30s. She attended Vassar, graduated from Cornell and is wealthy (after a recent divorce, she took the family's racing yacht, her husband took the family airplane). As a rule, Anne Francis skis a time or two each winter in Colorado, and in Europe once or twice, as well as spending most other available weekends at Sugarbush.

Also a seeker of differing conditions is Tim Kohl, 24, a lithe, freckled athlete who conditions himself in the summer by running miles up and down the snowless ski trails. Part owner of a Denver restaurant, Tim skis mostly on the heavily groomed slopes of Vail but sometimes hunts out the strange and often dangerous areas where he can venture even more than he should, schussing a mountainside in the middle of a small avalanche, or flinging himself 50 feet into the air from the Whoopee Jump. "You just cannot keep skiing the same ground over and over," he says, "or you will turn stale. You must try new things."

Perhaps that is as good a general requirement as any for the Top Ten, a constant demand for something new, something refreshing. Debbie Mead, a fearless 26-year-old who makes her everyday living designing pottery and knitting ski caps in Denver, finds her thrills in the extremity of doing a somersault flip on skis. She did not start skiing until she was 11, but has always excelled at acrobatics and now likes nothing so much as to seek out slopes "where nobody else skis." The same, in a less spectacular sense, is true of John Schultz, 22, a pure-math major from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who skis at least 100 days a year on the often-icy moguls of Mad River Glen, Vt. Though he is a powerful skier on the toughest groomed trails, Schultz most loves drifting off through dense woods where there are no tracks and zipping at what seem like mad speeds within inches of tree trunks. Besides his adventurous spirit, the secret of the burly John Schultz's great skill is to "eat up the mountain in your legs, take the shocks and kill them at your knees."

Another who uses purest power is Pete Totemoff, 53, an Aleut Indian with impressive belly girth and low center of gravity (he stands 5′ 7″, weighs 210 pounds). Totemoff began skiing in Alaska at the age of four and now is known as the very best skier of the knee-deep powder of Taos, N. Mex. Pete is a fire fighter and ski-area inspector for the U.S. Forest Service and manages to ski nearly every day of the season.

And that's it: given the time to practice and polish technique, it could happen to anyone. One week of learn-to-ski instruction isn't going to bring one much beyond a self-conscious parallel turn or the scary jump off a very small mogul. The top skiers got that way because, more than anything else, they ski. One thing is true of all 10: each of them is, in effect, a stepchild and heir of Charlie Lord and the old boys in the highway department over to Montpelier. Should the lifts all stop and the tows all run down one day, surely at least these experts would not be among the 99.9% who would quit and never go out in the snow again.

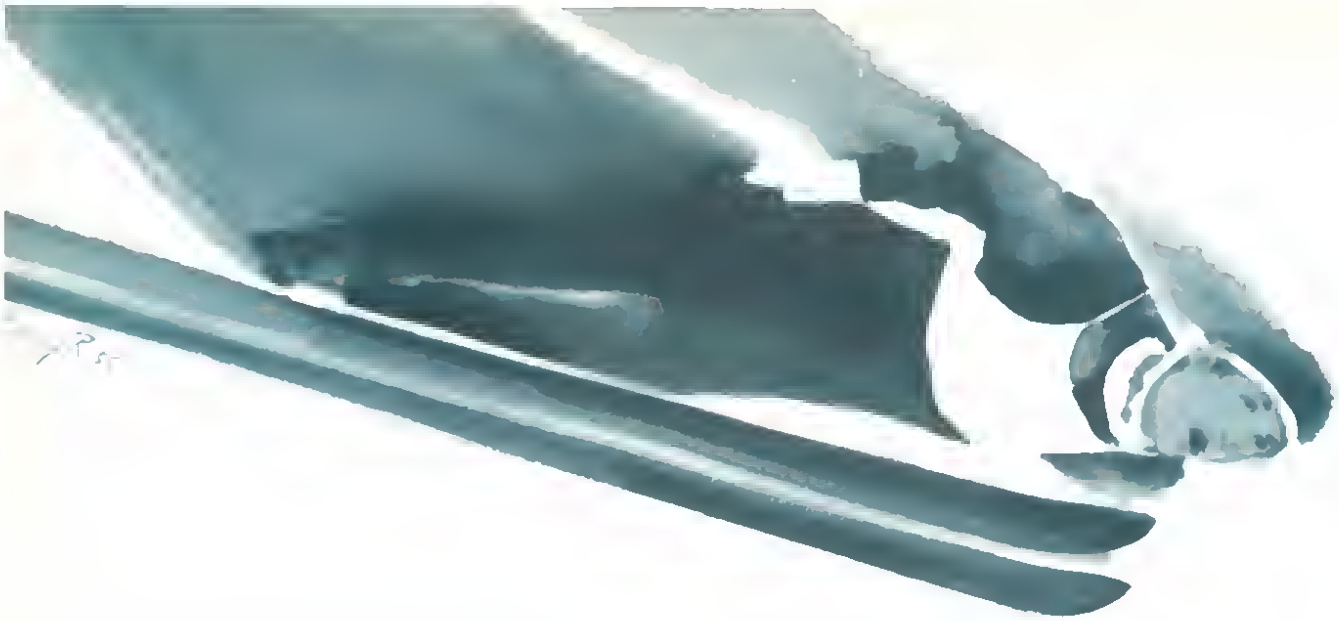
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FROM CHAMONIX TO SAPPORO A Rugged Winter's Trail

When the modern Olympic Games were launched in 1896 the founding fathers gave little if any thought to competitive events based on snow and ice. With good reason. The original Greek Games, dating back to 776 B.C. and on which the modern Games were patterned, accorded prizes—garlands of olive leaves or urns of olive oil—to land-bound athletes who excelled as the "swiftest, higbest and strongest" performers in the warmth of the mythical Valley of Olympia. There were no skis or skates or hockey pucks in the Hellenic era. And when the games were revived 26 centuries later in Athens, winter sports were still of stripling stature without recognition or international popularity.

Therefore the first few Olympic gatherings were devoted almost exclusively to competitors who ran and leaped, heaved and vaulted, pedaled and wrestled, swam and sailed under summer skies and on unglazed surfaces. However, winter sports were accorded a small sop of recognition in tbe Summer Games of 1908 and 1920 when demonstrations of figure skating and hockey were scheduled.

From such sporadic efforts the advocates of winter sports were determined to cast off the stigma of stepchild status and become a full-fledged member of the Olympic Games program. The impetus came from a group of European enthusiasts who proposed to the International Olympic Committee that a separate set of Winter Games be held during the 1924 Olympiad. The movement was led by France's Marquis de Polignac who plumped for the French Alpine town of Chamonix as the site of the first official Winter Games.

Chamonix was already preparing to put on a winter-sports week festival and the Marquis argued that an official sanction by the Olympic committee would enhance the program and attract international competition and attention. The founder of the modern Olympic movement and chairman of the IOC, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, opposed the idea, but a majority of the other Committee members overruled the Baron and passed the proposal.

Thus, the Winter Games were launched in 1924 with 293 athletes (280 men and 13 women) from 16 nations competing for medals in 13 events. As expected, the Nordic countries bagged a majority of the gold medals. Terlief Haug, a remarkably durable Norwegian, became the first Winter Games hero by capturing the 18-kilometer and 50-kilometer cross country races and the Nordic combined (jumping and cross country). For his feats he was acclaimed "King of the Winter Olympics." Haug's heroics were almost matched by a splendid Finnish skater, Clas Thunberg, who swept bome first in the 1,500-meter and 5,000-meter races and gained silver and bronze medals in the 500-meter and 10,000-meter events. He finished third in the 500-meter race to winner Charley Jewtraw of Lake Placid, N.Y. who became America's first Winter Games gold medalist.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE BEATS A CHAMP

The original Games at Chamonix were notable for two unrelated but equally frustrating developments. First, France, the host nation, was almost whitewashed in its efforts to produce a medalist. The best the French could do to salvage a smidgen of Gallic pride was a third-place bronze medal in the figure skating (pairs) event—the pair, Andrée July and Pierre Brunet, came back in 1928 at St. Moritz to capture the gold medal. The second, also in figure skating competition, was the appearance of the youngest participant in the Winter Olympic Games. Only an 11-year-old girl from Oslo, Norway, she finished in a dismal, tear-brimming last place in the ladies' figure skating event, which was dominated by Herma Planck-Szabo of Austria. Planck-Szabo never made it again on the winner's pedestal, but the youngster from Scandinavia did—and in a big way. She came back to win three consecutive women's figure skating titles in 1928, 1932 and 1936. She became the toast of the interna-

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tional town. Sonja Henie was also attractive to ice-show and movie producers. As a cinema actress she became in her heyday the second-highest box office attraction in the world of flicks, topped only by the dimpled moppet, Shirley Temple.

Sonja Henie's triumphs probably did as much as any single factor to promote interest in and expand attention to the Winter Olympic Games. The United States, long a frontrunner in Summer Olympic competition, had done poorly in the first two Winter Olympiads at Chamonix and St. Moritz. America's only winners were the aforementioned Charley Jewtraw in speed skating (500 meters at Chamonix) and the four-man bobsled team, headed by driver Billy Fiske, in 1928. But the Americans were determined to prove their caliber and launched a campaign to have the Winter Games held in the U.S. in 1932, the same year in which the Summer Games were scheduled in Los Angeles. Their efforts were rewarded when the IOC designated Lake Placid, a small town cradled in New York's Adirondack Mountains, as the winter site. Although the area was plagued by warm weather which made the skating rinks and bobsled runs quite mushy, some 80,000 spectators watched some fine performances. In speed skating, previously dominated by the Norwegians and the Finns, the U.S. surprised everybody by sweeping all four events. John Shea won the 500-meter and 1,500-meter races, and Irving Jaffee was a double winner in the 5,000 and 10,000-meter contests. The U.S. also came up with winners in the two-man and four-man bobsled competitions. A member of the winning four-man team made Olympic history by becoming the only performer ever to win gold medals in both the Summer and Winter Olympics. He was Edward Patrick Francis Egan who was a gold medalist in the Summer Games at Antwerp in 1920 as the Light-Heavyweight boxing champion.

The Winter Games kept growing in stature and popularity. In 1936 more than 500,000 spectators attended the Games at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, with Adolf Hitler strutting and cheering for his favorites, including Sonja Henie, whom he personally congratulated after she won her third consecutive figure skating title. New events were added and special demonstrations were included. Some of the special events, purely provincial and almost arcane, were placed on the program for spectator interest, but without official Olympic record recognition.

DOWNHILL BUT UPWARD

World War II, of course, clamped off all Olympic competition after the 1936 Games in Germany. But when the Winter Games were renewed in 1948, at St. Moritz, interest and participation reached record levels. Nearly 900 athletes from 24 nations were en-

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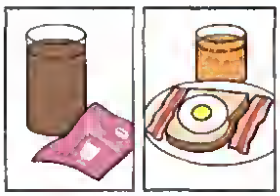


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tered in the schedule of 24 events. One of the big reasons for the big turnout was the addition of Alpine skiing events to the Olympic program. They included downhill and slalom racing at which Swiss, French, Austrian and Italian skiers excelled. They demonstrated their skill by capturing all the gold, silver and bronze medals in three of the four events and finished second and third in the other—the women's slalom. That was won, surprisingly, by Gretchen Fraser of the U.S.A. who thus became this country's first woman to gain a gold medal in the Winter Olympic Games. The U.S. men's contingent was led by Dick Button, who won the first of two consecutive gold medals in figure skating competition, and by the U.S. four-man bobsled team which captured first place in its specialty.

The exciting spectacle of Alpine racing, with downhill skiers schussing down steep slopes at breakneck speeds of better than 60 mph and slalom experts swerving through narrow gates with incredibly controlled grace, attracted world-wide attention. Previously, the Games' heroes were the skaters and Nordic skiers. Now a new set of idols emerged, including the U.S.A.'s Andrea Mead-Lawrence who became the first woman to win two gold medals in a single year when she captured the slalom and giant slalom events in 1952.

THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING

The increase in popularity and prestige of the Winter Games was carefully considered by the *Soyuz Sovyetskikh Sotsialisticheskikh Respublik*, otherwise known as the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The Russians, therefore, embarked on an all-out campaign to make their first formal appearance at the Winter Games. They set aside an estimated budget of $20 million to finance the training and conditioning of a Soviet team to compete in the 1956 Games at Cortina, Italy.

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Their debut was astonishingly auspicious and successful. In all, Russian athletes gained a total of 12 medals, including six golds, two silvers and four bronzes. They were particularly impressive in the speed skating events, finishing first in three of the four programmed races in record Olympic time. Their biggest performer was a superb skater named Yevgeni Grishin who won the 500-meter and 1,500-meter events in world record time. They also captured gold medals in two of the Nordic cross country events and in the hockey competition, heating out the U S A. and Canada, the perennial Olympic winner. Only in the Alpine races did the Soviet Union fare poorly, managing to salvage only a bronze medal in the women's slalom. They had no chance in the men's Alpine events that year at Cortina. Austria's Toni Sailer dominated the competition by sweeping the downhill, slalom and giant slalom races to become the first triple winner in those events.

U S. performers reaped a slim harvest of medals in the Games at Cortina. They were completely shut out in speed skating and in all the Alpine and Nordic events. However, they did manage a silver second-place medal in the hockey round robin competition—behind those determined Russians—and a bronze medal in the four-man bobsled run. America's lone golden moments of triumph came in the figure skating competition. In the men's event, Hayes Alan Jenkins captured first place and thus extended the U S A.'s victory streak to three in a row. The other bright spot for the U S. record was reflected by the gritty performance of a pre-medical student from Boston, Tenley Albright. Although she suffered a skate-blade gash in her right ankle when she slipped in practice preparing for the figure skating championship at Cortina, Miss Albright gamely overcame the painful injury to capture the title. She was the first U S. woman to win the figure skating gold medal and set the pattern for future American winners Carol Heiss and Peggy Fleming.

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Wall S[illegible] Journal 10/[illegible]/71



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When the International Olympic Committee met to determine the site of the 1960 Winter Games the competition among the bidders for host honors was intense. A strong contender was Austria's Innsbruck, long a famous winter resort. The underdog entry was the United States, which proposed California's little-known Squaw Valley, a lovely but underdeveloped resort area in the Sierra Nevada range west of Lake Tahoe. The man behind the Squaw Valley movement was a controversial promoter named Alexander Cochran Cushing, who wanted to promote the region into a top rank winter sports enclave.

Although the area at the time boasted only a few cabins and a restaurant owned by Cushing, the Valley was selected as the U.S. candidate. When the I.O.C. gathered in Paris the entrants were quickly pared down to Innsbruck, the established European resort, and Squaw Valley, the unknown upstart. The first round of final voting ended in a tie 32 to 32. In the next round, one of the 36 members of the European delegation switched his ballot in favor of the U.S. site and the tie was broken.

Alex Cushing won his plea, but the task of preparing Squaw Valley for the Games proved to be enormous. Construction of facilities and transportation accesses to the remote California valley was as demanding as it was expensive. In fact, it was only with the help of State and Federal funds that the project was completed. When the Games opened in February of 1960 a total of 693 athletes participated, compared with 923 competitors in the previous Games at Cortina. The opening ceremonies were presided over by the Spiro Agnew of his time, Vice President Richard M. Nixon, who officially declared "the VII Olympic Winter Games opened . . ."

As the host country the United States fared quite well against the visiting teams. Repeating U.S. triumphs in figure skating at Cortina, David Jenkins won the men's title and comely Carol Heiss



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from Long Island captured a gold medal in the women's division. In the Alpine skiing events, U.S. women skiers distinguished themselves by winning three silver medals. New England's Penny Pitou missed winning gold medals in both the downhill and giant slalom events. In the downhill Heidi Biebl of Germany had a margin of just one second over Miss Pitou's time. In the giant slalom the margin of victory was even more dramatic. Penny lost out to Switzerland's Yvonne Ruegg by the barest tick of the timer—exactly one-tenth of a second. But the Americans' most cherished victory came in the ice hockey competitionn when the U.S. team barely beat out the Canadians and Russians by one-goal margins in a pair of bristling matches.

But however well the U.S athletes performed they were again overshadowed by the superbly conditioned Russians. With seven gold medals, the U.S.S.R. chalked up a total of 165½ unofficial points, more than combined team scores of the runner-up (Sweden) and the third-place finisher (U.S.A.). As he did in 1956, Soviet skater Yevgini Grishin won two gold medals—in the 500-meter and 1,500-meter speed skating races. Another big Russian star was a 21-year-old student named Lydia Skoblikova. In the women's speed skating competition, held officially for the first time in Olympic history, she captured first place in the 1,500-meter and 3,000-meter events, and finished fourth in the 1000-meter race, which





was won by one of her teammates. Mrs. Skoblikova's 1960 performance set the stage for one of the most remarkable Winter Olympic records. In the 1964 Games she astounded the sports world by winning four gold medals, winning every race held on the program.

Skoblikova's outstanding performance was all the more notable because in three of her winning efforts she broke the existing Olympic records. Lydia Skoblikova's extraordinary feats set the style for another impressive showing by the USSR team. This time, bettering their big score at Squaw Valley, the Russians garnered a total of 25 medals, including 11 gold first-place awards, and

outclassed every other competing nation. In addition to Mrs. Skoblikova's four victories, they picked up gold medals in hockey, figure skating (pairs), the men's 1,500-meter speed skating, the biathlon (a combined test of cross country skiing and rifle marksmanship), and all three of the women's Nordic skiing events.

The only U.S. gold medal in the '64 Games was captured by Terry McDermott in the 500-meter skating race. McDermott had to break the Olympic record to win the race and edge out Yevgeni Grishin, the great Russian skater who had been the Olympic 500-meter champion in both 1956 and 1960. Aside from McDermott's singular triumph, the U.S. had to settle for a silver and a bronze medal (by Billy Kidd and Jimmy Huega) in the men's slalom and a silver and a bronze (by Jean Saubert) in the women's slalom and giant slalom.

The 1964 Winter Games, held in Innsbruck, Austria, were marked not only by some brilliant performances but also by some strange circumstances which threatened cancellation of some of the events. The problem that plagued the Austrian hosts was "bad" weather, that is, the weather was too mild, causing a thaw of snow and ice. In the month preceding the Games only 12 inches of snow fell, providing scant cover for the ski slopes. On top of that, a warm Alpine wind called a *foehn* descended on the Tyrol and was rapidly melting what litle snow remained. In desperation, the officials called on the Austrian government for help. Two weeks before the Games were opened a band of Austrian soldiers and volunteer workers moved into the upper reaches of the mountains to carve out 20,000 ice bricks (for the bobsled and luge courses) and over 3,000 tons of snow. This reserve supply was carted and trucked down to the site of the Games. There the soldier-workers patched up the ski runs with the substitute snow, packing it down by hand and foot. As a result of their heroic efforts, the slopes were saved and the Games were opened on schedule.

The 1968 Games, held in Grenoble, France produced a new pantheon of Olympic demigods. For one thing, the Russians showed at Grenoble that they were not all that invincible—though they did make a better than creditable showing. However, in contrast to their overwhelming 1964 performance when they harvested 25 medals, including 11 golds, the Soviet athletes dropped off considerably. They gained only five gold medals and placed second to the Norwegians in the unofficial medal-point count. Even the

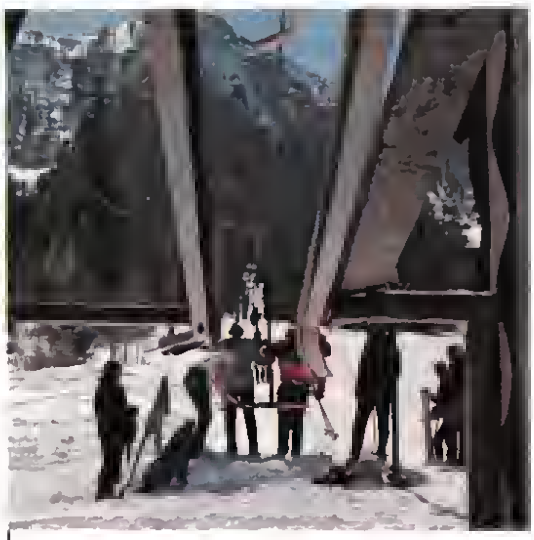


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superb Lidia Skoblikova, now a 29-year-old housewife, failed to gain a medal in her speed skating specialties. Nevertheless, the Soviet Union did come up with gold medal winners in the 90-meter ski jump, the biathlon relay, figure skating pairs, women's 500-meter race, and in ice hockey—for the third time in four tries since 1956. Indeed, since they first entered the Winter games in that year the Russians have posted the finest record of all the competing countries. In the four renewals of the games in which they have participated, they have captured 29 gold medals, five more than the U.S.A. has gained since 1924. Only Norway, with a total of 40 golds, leads the Soviet Union.

But the story at Grenoble was not so much focused on international rivalry as it was on individual performances. Jean-Claude Killy emerged as a French national hero when he matched Toni Sailer's triple crown feat of 1956 by





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sweeping all three Alpine skiing events—the downhill, giant slalom and special slalom. However, his victory in the special slalom was clouded by controversy. Austrian skier Karl Schranz had finished his two runs with a slightly better time than Killy, but was later disqualified by the judges for missing two gates.

Another star of the Games was 30-year-old Toini Gustafsson of Sweden who upset the favored Russians and Norwegians in the women's Nordic competition by winning the five-kilometer and ten-kilometer cross country races. She also gained a silver medal in the cross country relay and

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thus just missed matching Killy's triple-gold effort

One of the most popular winners was Italy's Eugenio Monti, a veteran bobsledder who had been trying for years to gain an Olympic gold medal. The year before he had been in a serious crash in which he suffered severe injuries that required extensive plastic surgery. But he came back at Grenoble to pilot the Italian two-man and four-man bobsled teams to victory. For the United States, there was only one golden-hued moment of triumph. That came when petite Peggy Fleming from Colorado put on a stunning and graceful exhibition to win the women's figure skating title.

JAPAN'S PLACE IN THE OLYMPIC SUN

The 1972 Winter Games will be held in a location strange to most Westerners. When the International Olympic Committee announced that Sapporo would be the site of the XI Winter Olympiad, many sports followers scurried to atlases and gazetteers to bring them up to date. What they found was enlightening and surprising. They learned that Sapporo was the prefectural capital of Hokkaido, the northernmost of the Japanese island group. They also found that until 100 years ago the island was a wilderness frontier of mountains, forests, volcanoes and hot water springs inhabited mainly by the aboriginal Ainus.

About the size of Maine, Hokkaido occupies about one-fifth of Japan's total land area. Sapporo, its biggest city, has a population of 1,000,000, more than Boston and much more than that of any city in which previous Winter Games have been held. Surprisingly, the city lies in about the same latitude as the French Riviera and is in a more southerly geographical position than Munich, site of the 1972 Summer Olympic Games. But because of its location directly across the Sea of Japan from the icy fastnesses of Siberia, Sapporo is visited each year with a steady flow of frigid weather that mantles the city and its surrounding mountain slopes with enough snow and ice to gladden the spirits of winter sports enthusiasts.

As hosts for the '72 Winter Games, the Japanese Organizing Olympic Committee has worked diligently to prepare facilities for skiing and skating competition. And as hosts, the Japanese hope to improve on their performances in previous winter Olympic events. Although they have been most successful in past Summer Games, particularly in swimming and track and field, Japan has been a wish-

ful waif in winter events, despite determined efforts by its skiers and skaters. In fact, the Japanese have been able to win but one medal (silver) in all the years that they have been competing. Back in 1932 at Lake Placid, the spectators were amazed and a little appalled by the gritty spirit of the inexperienced Japanese ski jumpers. Time after time they launched themselves off the jumping platform, fluttering like somersaulting butterflies before they thudded down on the runway, luckily unhurt. In 1956, they had their only success when Chiharu ("Chick") Igaya placed second in the slalom with a flashing performance through the gates. Igaya, then a student in the U.S. (at Dartmouth) finished just behind the peerless Toni Sailer.

For this year's Games, the Japanese have prepared for the competition with fervor and dedication. They have also prepared skating and skiing areas in their typical meticulous fashion, and with considerable pride. For example, the official bulletin of the Organizing Committee reports at length on the opening ceremonies which will be held in the Makomanai speed skating rink. Their comments on the specifications for covering the ice over which the athletes will parade are particularly painstaking. They read, in part: "Many were the tests before a combination of material, size etc. were arrived at to satisfy most equitably all the requirements. The material chosen is known as Ice Guard (No. HL-50). The color for the opening ceremony is white and will be used in strips 7 metres wide by 400 metres and with a thickness of 0.73 mm. For the area in front of the ceremonial stand, a red colored area made up of 3.5 metre wide, 25 metre long strips (also 0.73 mm. thick) have been chosen . . . Magic tape is to be used as a joining adjunct, and for the entrance procession in the opening ceremony and to facilitate the keeping of ranks a zig-zag pattern of blue and white has been arranged to give a most colorful design effect to the area."

With such attention to detail, visiting athletes can be sure that the rinks and runs and slopes will be in tip-top shape for competition in the program of 35 events.

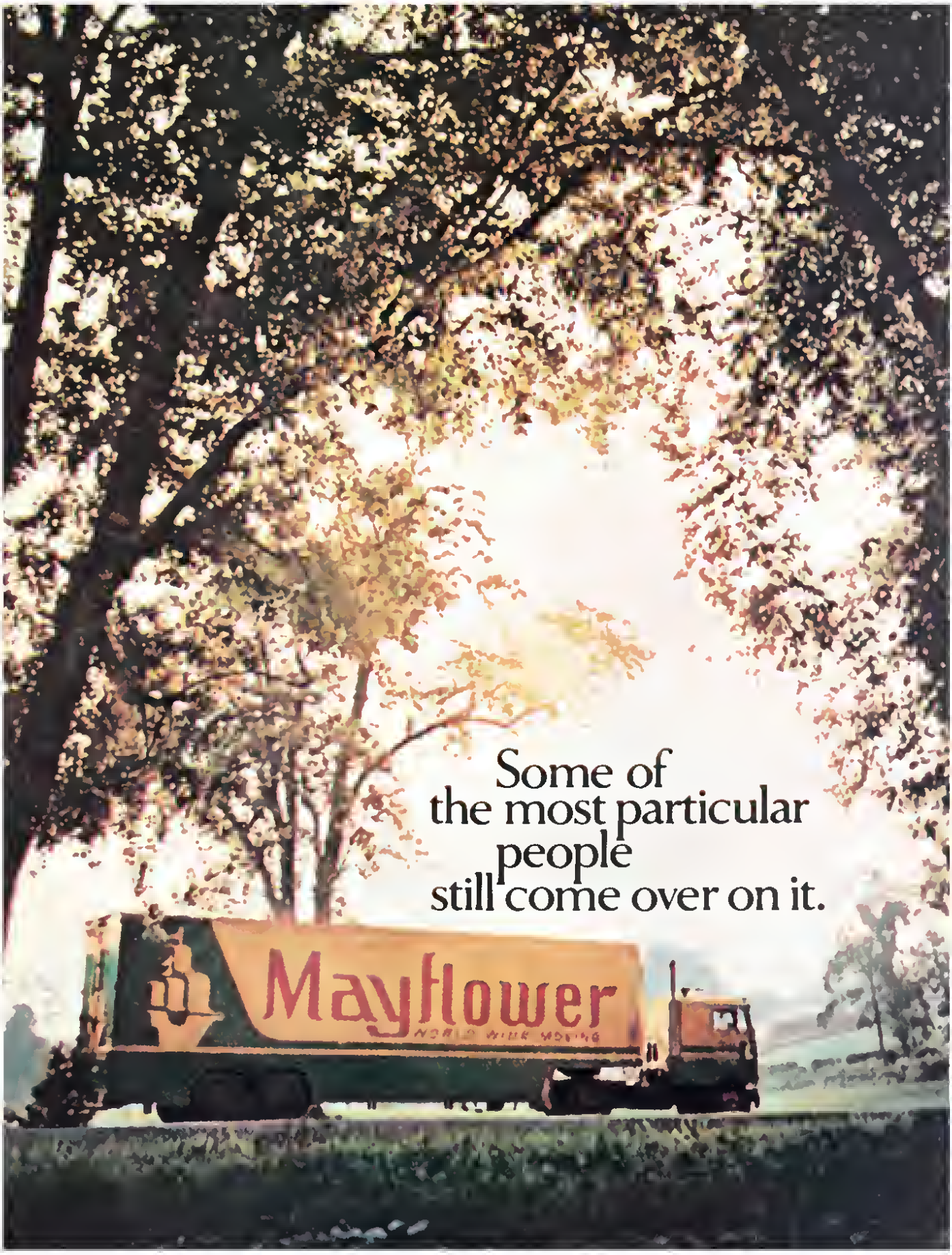
GOLD MEDAL WINNERS OF 1968 WINTER GAMES

Slalom (men's) **KILLY** *(France)*
Giant Slalom (men's) **KILLY** *(France)*
Downhill (men's) **KILLY** *(France)*
Slalom (women's) **GOITSCHEL** *(France)*
Giant Slalom (women's) **GREENE** *(Canada)*
Downhill (women's) **PALL** *(Austria)*
Figure Skating (men) **SCHWARZ** *(Austria)*
Figure Skating (women) **FLEMING** *(U.S.A.)*
Figure Skating (pairs) **BELOUSSOVA-PROTOPOPOV** *(U.S.S.R.)*
15-km Cross Country (men) **GROENNINGEN** *(Norway)*
30-km Cross Country (men) **NONES** *(Italy)*
50-km Cross County (men) **ELLEFSAETER** *(Norway)*
Nordic Ralay (men) *(Norway)*
Nordic Combined (skiing-jumping) **KELLER** *(W. Germany)*
5-km Cross Country (women) **GUSTAFSSON** *(Sweden)*
10-km Cross Country (women) **GUSTAFSSON** *(Sweden)*
Nordic Ralay (women) *(Norway)*

Biathlon **SOLBERG** *(Norway)*
Biathon Palay *(U.S.S.R.)*
Hockay *(U.S.S.R.)*
Spaed Skating (men's 500-meter) **KELLER** *(W. Germany)*
Speed Skating (men's 1,500-meter) **VERKERK** *(Netherlands)*
Spaed Skating (men's 5,000-meter) **MAIER** *(Norway)*
Spead Skating (men's 10,000-meter) **HOEGLIN** *(Sweden)*
Spaad Skating (women's 500-meter) **TITOVA** *(U.S.S.R.)*
Spaad Skating (women's 1,000-meter) **GEIJSSON** *(Netherlands)*
Spaad Skating (women's 1,500-meter) **MUSTONEN** *(Finland)*
Spaed Skating (women's 3,000-meter) **SCHUT** *(Netherlands)*
Bobsled (two-man) **MONTI-DE PAOLIS** *(Italy)*
Bobslad (four-man) **(MONTI, driver)** *(Italy)*
Luga (single, men) **SCHMID** *(Austria)*
Luga (two-seater, men) **KOEHLER-BONSACK** *(E. Germany)*
Luge (single, women) **LECHNER** *(Italy)*
Ski Jump (70-meter) **RASKA** *(Czechoslovakia)*
Ski Jump (90-meter) **BELOUSSOV** *(U.S.S.R.)*



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"I left my heart in San Francisco," croons Golfer **Tony Jacklin** on his new Columbia album, *Tony Jacklin Swings Into*. As the latest in a series of athletes (Joe Frazier, George Blanda, Bud Harrelson, Gary Player) who have tried the singing game, Jacklin is pursuing a desire "to try and emulate the great Sinatra," says the album blurb. But, while one critic conceded that the choice of material was Sinatrian (*Come Fly with Me*, *The Nearness of You*), the voice was still a drive and a three-wood away.

Charles O. Finley has tangled with all sorts of people over the years—players, fans, his fellow club owners—but he has yet to cross swords with environmentalists. Well, a puckish sportswriter in San Francisco almost corrected that oversight. He reported that Finley's California Golden Seals hockey players would start wearing skates made from the hides of polar bears, an endangered species. Club officials had to explain quickly that the boots were made from the hides of that scarcely endangered old favorite, the common cow.

James W. Wyly, a 240-pound former University of Texas student, is not entitled to collect $13,000 in damages for injuries he suffered while a contestant in a national lap-sitting contest. Wyly should have known, ruled the Fifth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, that with 14 coeds perched on his lap, the wooden chair he was sitting on would collapse. He probably never gave it a thought.

During the television coverage of the Buffalo Braves-Cincinnati Royals basketball game on Buffalo's WBEN-TV Jan. 8, CBS (or somebody) pulled a *Heidi*. Right in the middle of the first half, fans were suddenly confronted by that week's episode of *All in the Family*. The show ran its half-hour course, and then WBEN returned to the second half of the Braves-Royals contest. Buffalo won, 97–87, which was fine. But, as **Archie Bunker** might have said, TV ought to learn to stifle itself.

Mark Harmon, son of Michigan's **Tom Harmon**, and a standout quarterback for Pierce Junior College, has decided not to spend his last two college years at his dad's alma mater, but at UCLA. Bruin Athletic Director J.D. Morgan ought to be pleased to be getting Mark's services. In fact, if Mark is half the player Old 98 was, he's a cinch to be great. And guess which jersey he gets if that proves the case? Sure, Old 49.

Johnny Rodgers, the Nebraska flanker back and punt returner who won All-America honors for heroics like running kicks back for touchdowns against Oklahoma and Alabama, entered a hospital in Omaha after the Orange Bowl to have what he called a few minor ailments checked out. These include injured ligaments and tendons, arthritis, an ulcer and bronchitis. Otherwise, Johnny says he is fine—"except that sometimes my asthma bothers me."

Denmark's new monarch, 31-year-old **Queen Margrethe II**, is blonde, blue-eyed, tall and athletic as all get out. At school, she was adept at the high jump and amiably lists a few of her other interests: riding, tennis, skiing, swimming and running. Fortunately, since she is more symbol than ruler, the lively Queen won't have to run the court; she can just take a few laps around it.

Word is just coming through from the Antarctic that yet another football bowl has been emptied. The Pole Bowl at South Pole Station, which was played New Year's Day in 20-below-zero weather, was won by the Summer Support crew, which beat the Winter Over crew when **Pete Kron** threw a 35-yard touchdown pass to **Lee Mattis** in the fifth quarter of a scoreless tie. Guess they don't play sudden-death overtimes down there—just chilled fifths.

✦ Massachusetts state legislator **Jon Rotenberg**, perhaps recalling the exploits of Yankee sailors in Southern waters during the Revolutionary War, initiated a brief action with the Coast Guard off Key Biscayne last month. It seems that Rotenberg and a party of revelers aboard his 39-foot yacht *Named After You* twice violated the security zone around President Nixon's private beach—mostly, says Rotenberg, because nobody aboard was a very good sailor. On the second intrusion the Coast Guard put a man aboard to make sure the boat left the quarantined area. The Coast Guardsman said Rotenberg's guests mocked and abused him, and disobeyed his instructions to stop taking pictures of the Presidential compound. Rotenberg called it a misunderstanding, but last week the Coast Guard impounded the $19,000 vessel, which Rotenberg had owned for just a week before the Battle of Key Biscayne.

Britain's top soccer player, **George Best**, whose highly publicized escapades have earned him the sobriquet "the Joe Namath of soccer," went on a caper last week that made Joe look like Little Lord Fauntleroy. First, with his Manchester United team facing a key game, George forgot to show up. Then the long-haired British sex symbol was tracked down in the wee hours with girl friend **Carolyn Moore**, the current Miss Great Britain, at a London nightspot. Manager **Frank O'Farrell** quickly fined Georgie two weeks' pay (about $1,000) and ordered him to move into a boardinghouse run by a "motherly landlady." Miss Great Britain observed, "This will restrict his courting." Not if we know Joe uh, George.

It will probably never hit the bestseller list, but every long-suffering football fan would no doubt profit from a paper written by **H.T.E. Hertzberg** of the Air Force's Medical Research Laboratory. Its title, *The Human Buttocks in Sitting Pressures*,





A Crum could take the cake

He came from UCLA, he talks as though he were UCLA and he has his Louisville team playing like UCLA, which spells trouble for—UCLA

Before Denny Crum arrived at the University of Louisville from UCLA, where he had been John Wooden's varsity assistant and No. 1 recruiter for three years, the Cardinals were known chiefly for two things: a load of talent and a talent for losing.

But along came Crum with his enthusiasm, his cockiness and his UCLA winner's charisma. He shuffled the starting lineup, installed Wooden's high-post offense and pressing defense and, best of all, established a solid rapport with his players. "He's so young that we can really relate to him," says Henry Bacon, a senior Crum shifted from forward to guard. "It's like he's coming right out of his teen-age years, just like we are." Presto! Instant gap-remover.

And presto! Instant controversy. After an opening loss to Florida on the road, the Cards reeled off 11 straight victories, including two last week—at Dayton (71–64) Wednesday night and at Bradley (75–71) Saturday night. Most satisfying of all, they swept over Syracuse, St. Peter's and Fordham to win the Holiday Festival in Madison Square Garden.

Unhappily, what should have been Crum's finest hour on the floor became his sorest trial off it. Doing exactly what many other college teams do, the Cards returned to their dressing room after warming up for their semifinal game against St. Peter's for a prayer. Deliberately, they did not return until after the national anthem had been played. From there it was nothing but rockets glaring and bombs bursting in air. To quiet matters, Crum claimed he would "come out with the flag draped over my shoulders if they want me to," but when the team appeared for the anthem before the final game, he was in mufti and the Garden crowd was in loud, derisive voice.

"I wish there was some kind of devil we could have placed on those people's heads," said Jim Price, the senior guard Crum has compared with Walt Hazzard and Gail Goodrich. "I'll bet that while the anthem was being played, 95% of that crowd were thinking about how much they had bet on the game. And then they make us the dirty guys. We really respected Coach Crum, because he stuck up for us."

The fans in Cincinnati a week later were even more generous with their boos than the New Yorkers. The Cards beat a tough Cincinnati team 84–76, and for their efforts were showered with popcorn boxes and soft-drink cups. A cup hit Price, and Crum got into a jaw-to-jaw hoedown with one blasphemous citizen, prompting Mike Lawhon, a Louisville forward who doubles as associate minister at the Clifton Christian Church, to tell Crum, "Way to go, Coach."

Coach went about all the way soon after, singlehandedly taking on Adolph Rupp's legions of devoted followers who, even in Louisville, outnumber Cardinal fans. This season Kentucky has an all-white, all-star, all-winning freshman team that supposedly is the finest in Rupp's long career. Crum announced that he was not overly impressed with any of Kentucky's freshmen and that his own Allen Murphy, a 6′ 5″ black from Alabama, would "eat any of them alive." That really cut it. "Can you imagine such gall?" editorialized the outraged *Lexington Herald.*

Nobody doubts that Crum has the best varsity in the state, perhaps one of the best in the country. When Crum forced Price to cut down on his razzle-dazzle, behind-the-back passes, Price suddenly emerged as a fine player. So did Ron Thomas, a forward who may be the most intimidating 6′ 5″ rebounder anywhere. When Thomas was at Thomas Jefferson High in Louisville he was widely recruited in both football and basketball. "I love to hit," says Thomas. If Thomas does not get what he considers to be an attractive pro basketball offer after this season, he plans to return to Louisville next fall and play football for Coach Lee Corso under the five-years-to-play-four rule.

When Bacon, the team's finest all-round athlete, was shifted to guard, his forward spot was filled by the 6′ 4″ Lawhon, a very steady player. At center the Cards may have a worry, for 6′ 9″ Al Vilcheck on occasion seems timid and a bit awkward, facts that concern the home folks when they think of him playing against the likes of, say UCLA's Bill Walton or Marquette's Jim Chones. When will they meet? In the NCAA championship tournament, of course, Cardinal supporters are saying.

All of which brings up the question of what Crum would think of a confrontation with UCLA. Well, he "loves and respects" Wooden, Crum says, but Crum also has implied that he and his predecessor, Jerry Norman, had more to do with UCLA's success than most people realize. As one writer said, "To hear Crum, you would think Wooden was *his* assistant for three years." Well, offcourt, anyway.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

WEST New Mexico players could not stand it any longer, so they asked Coach Bob King to move them out of the sorority house where they had been living between semesters. The Lobos said that they found life with the frilly curtains as demoralizing as their four straight road losses. King put them in a motel, and before anyone could say Kappa Alpha Theta, New Mexico was whomping favored Texas-El Paso 68–44. King also changed his team's style. For years he tried to please fans with a running game, but against the Miners he slowed the pace. On defense he kept switching from man-to-man to a zone trap and held UTEP to almost 30 points below its average. It was all part of a frenetic week in the Western AC. Colorado State started off tied for first place, only to lose 78–74 to Arizona, which had lost 11 of 12, and 99–71 to Arizona State. Wyoming lost to both of the Arizonas, to the Wildcats 75–66, and to the Sun Devils 81–67. Brigham Young, a 67–61 winner over Utah, was the only unbeaten team in the WAC.

After going last season without anyone

continued

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ARTHUR GODFREY

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taller than 6′ 4″, Texas Tech Coach Gerald Myers went shopping. He came back with a couple of junior-college redwoods, 6′ 8″ Ralph (Telescope) Palomar and 6′ 10″ Ron Richardson. Last week the Red Raiders reached new heights as Palomar had 23 points and Richardson 14 in a 73–67 victory over Baylor, the best—with a 10-2 preconference record—of any of the Southwest Conference teams. Defending SWC champion TCU also had help from a JC transfer—Simpson Degrate, who had 31 points—as it downed Arkansas 95–77. Sophomore Larry Robertson pumped in 35 points for Texas, which beat Rice 87–73.

Tied for the lead in the West Coast AC with 4-0 records were Santa Clara and San Francisco. Mike Stewart had 36 points as the Broncos held off Seattle 86–83. Phil Smith got 25 in the Dons' 92–75 win over St. Mary's.

UCLA's Wooden soldiers marched past Stanford 118–79 and California 82–43 as Bill Walton scored 52 points. Said Stanford Coach Howie Dallmar of Walton: "He has total intimidation." Dallmar then compared Walton to Bill Russell in his college days. "Walton plays defense even better than Bill did," he said, "plus he does everything offensively." USC, trying to prove it belongs in the league with UCLA, beat California 102–69 and Stanford 65–63. In the latter win Paul Westphal controlled the ball for almost half a minute before driving in for the winning basket with seven seconds to go.

Long Beach State led Los Angeles State by just five points with 13:25 left when 6′ 11″ Nate Stephens of the 49ers fouled out. But 6′ 10″ Bob Lynn took over. Result: the 49ers popped in 22 field goals and 56 points (10 by Lynn) for a 103–83 win. After playing at Long Beach, Santa Barbara Coach Ralph Barkey said: "They have a tremendous advantage at home. During one time out our players had to sit on towels out on the court. On the bench, people were leaning over, listening in and making faces at us." Santa Barbara lost 75–57. It was Long Beach's 50th consecutive home win.

Weber State coaxed Utah State into a game, then beat the Aggies 69–67 with a pressing defense. Marquette gamboled past Nevada-Reno 82–55. Southern Colorado State, a small-college team, ran out of players, if not fight. Charged with 39 fouls, Southern played the final 30 seconds against Air Force with three men and lost 84–76.

1. UCLA (12-0) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (14-1)

EAST Penn stepped into a Tiger trap and came out a two-way loser, to Princeton 69–56 and to the Tigers' coach, Pete Carril, who turned into a lecturer after the game. "Don't tell me about your zones, I formation, tandem I and tandem right," he said. "They're baloney. It's courage and character that make the difference between players and great players, between great surgeons and ones who bury their mistakes." It was Penn's first league loss after a record 30 straight Ivy victories, which must say something about its own courage and character. Reggie Bird and John Berger got 15 points each for Princeton, Brian Taylor 17. Taylor's chief contribution, though, was negative. He limited Penn's Corky Calhoun to one field goal.

Upsets abounded elsewhere, West Virginia and Duquesne becoming first-time losers and Villanova being stopped by Providence 76–69. The Mountaineers, playing away for the first time, lost not once but twice—91–76 to Pitt and 77–64 to Penn State. Pitt also beat Davidson 91–78. George Gervin scored the last two of his 22 points on a driving layup with three seconds left as Eastern Michigan jarred Duquesne 70–69. But the Dukes found solace at Olean, N.Y. where they beat St. Bonaventure 96–91 as 6′ 9″ sophomore Lionel (Big Train) Billingy scored 29 points and fouled out the Bonnies' Matt Gantt with 10:06 remaining. Trailing 70–69 with 16 seconds to go against Holy Cross, Boston College Coach Bob Zuffelato decided to send in Dave Ulrich for one last shot. Dave Ulrich? He hadn't played all night. Ulrich got the ball, let go with a jumper and swished it.

1. PRINCETON (10-2) 2. PENN (9-2)

MIDWEST Wisconsin Coach John Powless sadly told his first-, second- and sixth-best scorers that they could not play against Indiana because they had broken curfew. He told his remaining players to use basic strategy even though that was the type of game the Hoosiers preferred. So, with eight seconds left, the Badgers trailed by only a point 60–59, and then it was time for Indiana Coach Bob Knight to feel like climbing a wall. Not once but twice his team tossed the ball inbounds directly to Wisconsin's Kim Hughes, who got a foul shot out of the exchanges to send the game into overtime. The Badgers finally won 66–64 when Craig Manwaring sank a shot at the buzzer.

Illinois Coach Harv Schmidt had a trying week, too. After being beaten by Michigan 75–70, he said, "They're the first team that killed us on the boards." One of the killers was 5′ 8″ Dave Hart, who pulled down eight rebounds, two fewer than 6′ 9″ Bill Morris of Illinois. And then the Illini lost their second home game of the week when Purdue rallied to win 85–74.

Minnesota and Ohio State were tied for the Big Ten lead with 2-0 records, the Gophers beating Northwestern 84–60 and the Buckeyes balting Michigan 84–73 with the help of Allan Hornyak's 25 points.

DePaul upended Dayton 75–72, Northern Illinois came away with 63 rebounds and a 93–79 win over Loyola of New Orleans, and second-ranked Marquette struggled past Detroit 68–66.

Memphis State Coach Gene Bartow had been lamenting the lack of emotion among his players, but against Tulsa they seemed stimulated enough, winning 99–72 as Ronnie Robinson grabbed 21 rebounds and Larry Finch dropped in 28 points.

A full-court press by Oklahoma nearly caused Nebraska to blow a 15-point lead in the waning minutes, but the Cornhuskers hung on 77–70. Against Colorado, it was the Huskers who used full-court maneuvers, and they won again, 67–55.

1. MARQUETTE (12-0) 2. OHIO STATE (10-2)

SOUTH Virginia upped its unbeaten streak to 12 games, defeating George Washington 97–76. But then Virginia learned that yes, there is a North Carolina. The Cavaliers gave the Tar Heels a tussle, though, and even led 60–58 with 10:07 remaining. That, however, was the last of the 16 times the lead changed hands. The Tar Heels put on a 19–4 scoring burst and won 85–79. That win, coupled with an earlier one—81–61 over Clemson—put the Carolinians in first place in the Atlantic Coast race. Maryland beat Wake Forest 49–46 while North Carolina State, which got 30 points from Tom Burleson, downed Duke 85–58.

Deploying his players much as hockey teams do, Mercer Coach Dwane Morrison alternated five-man units in the second half against favored Florida State. With seven minutes to play, Mercer trailed only 76–70, then faded away 96–78.

"They took it away from us," grumped Kentucky Coach Adolph Rupp following a 72–70 loss in Florida's gym—Alligator Alley. "I think we beat the hell out of them," said Gator Guard Jerry Hoover, whose on-target shot in the final five seconds won the game. Earlier in the Southeastern Conference the Wildcats beat Mississippi State 104–76, and the Gators lost to Vanderbilt 104–87. LSU officials refused to empty their gym despite a bomb threat, then watched Alabama blow their Tigers apart 101–80, shooting 61%. Tennessee moved to the top of the SEC by squirming past Mississippi 73–70 and Georgia 59–57.

With Tom Riker hurt, Danny Traylor put in 37 points and grabbed 20 rebounds as South Carolina gunned down Manhattan 116–78. Southwestern Louisiana, which got 230 of its 334 points from Dwight Lamar and Roy Ebron, put down Northwestern Louisiana 101–88, Eastern New Mexico 99–79 and West Texas State 134–94. Lamar had 42 points in the first game and, despite the flu and a 101° fever, added 31 and then 45. Ebron's figures were 37, 35 and 40, and a total of 57 rebounds.

1. N. CAROLINA (11-1) 2. S. CAROLINA (8-2)

Enter a terrible swift Sabre

Buffalo fans haven't much to cheer except the scoring of wondrous Rick Martin, who just might become the NHL's first 50-goal rookie

When you touch down at Buffalo these days, likely as not the pilot will chuckle over the speaker: "We have just landed at the Greater Buffalo International Airport. Set your watches back 20 years." Ho, ho! Another weary Buffalo joke. But if you are a National Hockey League player about to face off against Buffalo's gritty young expansion team, the Sabres, then there is little in the quip to giggle about. "That damned Rick Martin," they say, "he reminds me of Rocket Richard—20 years ago."

Granted, the reference to hockey's first 50-goal superstar is a bit hyperbolic. Particularly since it is based on just half a season. But with 33 games left to play, Buffalo rookie Richard Lionel Martin has left some mighty impressive grooves on the NHL ice. He stands 5′ 11″, weighs 170 pounds, plays left wing and shoots left. As the week ended with home and home games against the formidable Montreal Canadiens, he had managed to score 31 goals—only six fewer than Boston's Phil Esposito. An "indiscriminate" scorer, as one Sabre put it—i.e., he gets goals against strong and weak teams with equal ease—Martin attacked the Habs zestfully, and wound up with two goals as the teams split the series.

Saturday's game, played in the hostile Forum, was a near-perfect miniature of the Sabre season: Martin resplendent in a Buffalo defeat. The score was Montreal 6, Martin 2, remaining Sabres 0. Martin got both his goals in the middle period, the first on a flick-of-the-wrists conversion of a pass by Defenseman Larry Hillman from 25 feet out. The second was a neat, opportunistic backhander from 10 feet after a pass from behind the net. Simply by coasting the rest of the way he is a cinch to break the league's rookie record of 38 goals set last year by his talented teammate, Gil Perreault. Indeed, Buffalo's crusty coach, George (Punch) Imlach, often studies the cover of this season's NHL guide, which features the glowing faces of the league's five 50-plus goal scorers—Richard, John Bucyk, Bobby Hull, Bernie Geoffrion, Phil Esposito—and says: "There's one space open on that page. We might just balance it out for them this year."



Balance, of course, is the key word, and Martin demonstrates it on many levels. During his rise to prominence as an amateur in Canada, he was known—far, wide and frostbitten—as Ree-CHAR Mar-TAN. No sooner had he crossed the border as the Sabres' first draft choice—and fifth pick in the league—than he dropped the French connection. Plain old Rick Martin from there on out. For a kid of 20, he shows remarkable aplomb both on the ice and off. "I speak French and English with equal inability," he laughs.

"My main concern right now is my weight," Martin says. "Early last summer I weighed only 160 pounds. Pretty frail for the NHL. Then I went up to a camp in the mountains of Vermont where they guaranteed to put muscle on you with a diet of 7,000 calories a day and plenty of running. We'd eat these monster breakfasts and then take off on a six-mile jog. I love to fish, so we'd run up the mountain to a lake full of brook trout, catch a string of them and run back down. I got my weight up to 172, but I'm still shooting for 180."

Despite his apparent fragility in contrast to a muscleman like Bobby Hull, Martin has plenty of physical strength. Meet him in street clothes and you might take him for an apprentice sales clerk—

continued

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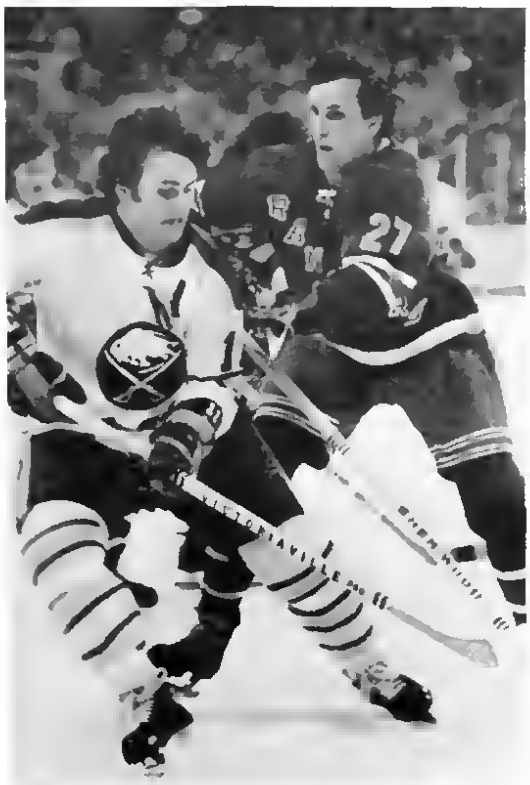
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PERREAULT (11) GAVE RICK A TARGET

dun-colored hair, shoebutton eyes, no taller or wider than the run of the stockroom. But his handshake is something else: a knuckle-bender that seems to extrude one's fingernails a quarter inch per squeeze. And though he is drawing down something like $50,000 including bonuses in this, his rookie year, there is none of the mink-coat flash about Martin that other hockey players affect. His only concession to show is a red Triumph GT6 sports car which he tools around the gelid roads of the northland with the style of a nascent Mark Donohue. It is odd to realize that he is one of the richest 20-year-olds in sport on either side of the border.

Martin grew up under a severe handicap: he started skating at the advanced age of 4½. "Many Canadian kids begin at 2," he grumps. Part of that delay may have been due to intercultural adjustments. Rick's grandparents were Swiss-French (on the paternal side) and Swiss-German (maternally). His father, though French-speaking by heritage, was born in London, and removed to Canada at a tender age. "My dad could have made it in professional hockey," says Rick, "but he went to war—you know, World War II—just when he would have been ready for the pros. He had a good time of it, though. He was in the Normandy invasion. I was looking through some of the pictures he sent my mother back then, and along with the wreckage and his buddies there were always a few French chicks. I ask him, 'How's that, Dad?' And he grins and says, 'Well, they were just hanging around, you know?' Yeah, my dad could have made it in the pros."

Though he was born in Montreal, Rick spent his formative years in Hull Ontario, the French-speaking enclave on the other side of the river from Anglo Ottawa. Whatever the complexes that environment might induce in others, it did not deprive young Richard of an uncanny eye for the goal and mitts to match. "I don't do any special exercises for the wrists," he says, "but I play a lot of golf, which helps. I've been golfing since I was 10, when my dad got us a bag of clubs for $15. I used to caddie at the Royal Ottawa—heck of a nice course—and when I was 14, I was shooting in the low 80s. My handicap is down to about one or two now, but I lost a lot of years when I was concentrating on becoming a hockey player.

"I knew I could make it as a hockey pro when I was 13. I was playing in both the bantam and the midget leagues then, and I was top scorer in both of them, 85 goals in the bantams and 30 in the midgets. Bobby Hull had brought in the slap shot when I was just a baby—around 8—and it really caught on. I can remember breaking five, six sticks a week practicing it. My father really chewed me out for that. It was shooting, shooting, shooting, shooting. And it paid off."

Still does, for that matter. A firm believer in the old adage that practice makes money, Martin usually stays on the ice after the other Sabres have been sheathed, working on both his slap and his wrist shots. Though he prefers the slap—"because it lets me get set up"—his teammates and coaches think his wrist shot is better, if only because it is quicker than most others. "Rick is a natural goal scorer," says veteran Phil Goyette, who helped Martin adjust to the fluid defenses of the pros. "He has the shot and the knack of picking a corner as well as any youngster I've seen come into the league."

Martin himself loves the choice—and the analysis—involved in various shots. "I'm more accurate with the slap shot," he insists, waiting for a challenge, "but I'm faster in getting off the wrist shot." Then he puts the surge to his verbal skates. "Oh, what the heck, shooting is just plain fun. You're carrying the puck, feeling it move from the tip to the heel, and you make your move. You look at the net—you can *see* the mesh back of the guy's body. Where the goalie's not, that's where you want to shoot. Then you look back down at the puck to just double-check where it is. Then you shoot, and you watch the puck through its trajectory. Just before it reaches the guy, you know if it's in. If the goalie made the first move, you've usually got him. If he stayed tough, it's up to you to make the opening. It's harder to beat the guy who doesn't move. Anyway, you've just *gotta* keep moving in for the rebound, because you never know if there won't be one."

Buffalo's hockey fans respond to the scoring style of Martin and Perreault with an enthusiasm that belies the Sabres' niche near the bottom of the East Division. During a recent game with the Boston Bruins they greeted the Effete Eastern Tough Guys with signs that read: "Boston Pinkos" and "Who Needs Phil and Orr, We Have Gil and Rick to Score!" When Esposito, the hottest pinko, slammed in the first goal of the game (which was to end 5–2 in you know whose favor), the predominantly Italian rooters chanted: "Kill that spaghetti bender!" Esposito had added to his league-leading total of goals, and that miffed the Buffalonians, who are firmly convinced that their own kid should win the scoring title this year. Even with Punch Imlach out of action with a heart attack, the support of those fans could help Rick Martin keep his balance. And even if the place is 20 years behind the times, as the airline pilots claim, there are plenty of folks plus at least one hockey player, who think Buffalo is right up to the minute. **END**

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My check ___ money order ___ for $_____ is enclosed. (Please allow 3-4 weeks for delivery) 1/24

You make the most with what you got

And what Memphis has now got is more stockholders than All-Stars

In six wondrous days early last year 5,000 Tennesseans, most of them wheeling and dealing with $5 bills, purchased more than 100,000 shares of stock in the Memphis Pros. The securities came printed on red, white and blue certificates and did not bother with the usual legal jargon about par values and negotiability. Instead, they read like broadsides from the Chamber of Commerce:

> The bearer of this certificate stepped forward and participated in what was described, nationwide, as the
>
> MIRACLE OF MEMPHIS
>
> by participating in a drive to allow Memphis Area Sports, Inc. to keep Tennessee's only major league franchise
>
> THE MEMPHIS PROS
> in the Bluff City

Bluff City, indeed. This unusual issue was sold over the counter in the Pros' office to mostly novice investors, including a syndicate of shoeshine boys who obviously thought the initials SEC stood for the athletic conference, and a cigar-smoking bulldog, presumably willing to collect his dividends in Alpo or Tiparillos. Under the circumstances, it is not too hard to guess who in Memphis are the bluffers and who are the bluffees.

The Pros, founded five years ago as the American Basketball Association's New Orleans Buccaneers—and transferred a season ago to Memphis—have gone through more trials than Raymond Burr. To survive all the mishaps, the team's down-home coach, Babe McCarthy, has had to be something of a fakir. He needed near-mystical powers merely to remain the only one of the ABA's original coaches still with the same club, yet his achievements range far beyond simple resourcefulness. Working with low-paid, largely unknown players, he has consistently guided his teams into the playoffs and gained a reputation as one of the best professional coaches in the game today.

In its first year, before other ABA clubs began signing high-salaried players New Orleans could not, or would not, afford, McCarthy's team won a division championship, and the local citizenry seemed as enthusiastic over this early success as they were in 1815 when the British arrived in town. Then, after three seasons and hundreds of thousands of dollars in losses, the team was driven upriver to Memphis—where the fans reacted in much the same manner. With crowds averaging 2,000, the Pros' last individual owner stayed around for only two months before solving his dollar drain by returning the franchise to the league office—gratis. Unable to find a major investor to buy the team, the ABA then sold it to the Memphis man in the street, who got up the $700,000 for the fancy certificates.

One would think a successful stock sale might boost attendance. It did, but not a whole lot. The stock provided Memphis with funds to make it through the close of this season and no farther, thus making the Pros strong contenders in the ABA's San Diego Bowl. This is the contest among the poorer teams to see which will be the first to vacate its present city and move to the one left last summer by the NBA Rockets.

The dearth of gate receipts has left little money for hiring exceptional players. The franchise has signed only one first-draft choice in history—and that move came in the ABA's initial season, when the bidding war with the NBA had not yet begun. The team's best players in recent years, Guards Steve and Jimmy Jones, have fled to better-paying jobs in the Dallas and Utah backcourts.

Still, slim attendance is not the only reason for the mostly nameless starting lineup in Memphis. McCarthy dislikes making large offers to procure young talent—a dubious philosophy in the present inflated basketball personnel market. Born in the small town of Baldwyn, sandwiched between Guntown and Wheelers in northeast Mississippi, McCarthy was raised during the Depression, and his mother was a devout Scotch Presbyterian. He has never been known for his largesse. "Ah like to be happy with what Ah have," he says. "It's just as easy to make yuhself happy with an unpleasant situation as it is to complain. Our players know we're in a difficult situation and yuh'd think they'd be glad to take

continued



MAGNOLIA MOUTH McCARTHY IN BLOOM

a good honest offer from us, but they're always looking toward other teams to see what they could make."

McCarthy's starting lineup is largely a collection of nobody's All-Americas who run his methodical shuffle and stack offenses well and lead the league in rebounding—but who are the ABA's worst shooters, all but one earning less than $30,000 a year. The team's best-known starter was Bobby Warren, who once made second-string All-Southeastern Conference when he played for Vanderbilt. But Warren was traded to Carolina two weeks ago, packaged with Wendell Ladner and rookie Thomas Owens, in exchange for Warren Davis, George Lehmann and Randy Denton. The switch didn't seem to accomplish much, either way. Another Memphis guard, Charlie Williams, was expelled from the NBA for fringe involvement in the 1965 college basketball scandals. Center Gerald Govan attended St. Mary's of the Plains and is the only professional first-stringer who wears glasses. "I tried contacts, but they bothered me," he says. "These glasses take away from my aggressiveness. I'm afraid of breaking them because if I do I got to pay for them myself." The Pros' most consistent player and rebounder, Wilbert Jones, attended Albany State in Georgia.

Last year McCarthy seemed to have made a brilliant low-overhead find in Ladner, the rookie from Southern Mississippi. A 6′ 5″ forward who is built like a linebacker, Ladner terrorized opponents and stampeded photographers, cheerleaders and front-row spectators with his unbridled displays of strength as he dove headlong into bleachers, over press tables and across playing floors. He made the All-Rookie team, but his second season began unevenly, which may have had something to do with the fact he was traded. Basically, Ladner is a man apparently unable to fathom the complexities of life off the court.

"He does not know the meaning of the word fear. But then he also does not know the meaning of many other words either," said one Memphis observer of Ladner, who recently declared bankruptcy at the age of 23. McCarthy, who has known Ladner since the player was 15 years old, visited him once at college and noted that he was overweight and playing poorly. "Son, you're too fat," said McCarthy. "Coach, I know it," replied Ladner. "I'm gonna get in shape as soon as the season's over."

Meanwhile, the team's first high-priced rookie finally came off the bench to earn a starting position. He is Memphis-born Johnny Neumann, who received more than $500,000 to drop out of the University of Mississippi after leading college scorers with a 40.1 average as a sophomore last year. Neumann seemed to prove McCarthy's theories about overpaid rookies by playing poorly early in the season, but in recent weeks he has shown signs of increasing maturity. An extraordinary shooter, particularly when closely guarded, Neumann has even begun to demonstrate a mild capacity for playing defense, a function he had previously disdained. His on-court presence is marked by an unlikely combination of freewheeling openness and acute insecurity. During a foul-shooting break in a game against Denver recently he calmly chatted with Rocket Coach Alex Hannum about Denver's shooters and later patted Referee John Vanak on the rear end in order to avoid being called for a technical foul. But on virtually every play in which he is involved he stares toward the bench, apparently hoping for coachly forgiveness or approbation. McCarthy purposely tries ignoring Neumann, hoping to break him of the habit—a situation that occasionally leaves the rookie looking at his coach as his man glides in for an easy basket. Escape is not always possible for McCarthy: in a game earlier in the season, Neumann drove down the lane and was jostled rudely, yet no foul was called. "They're hitting me, Coach," he whined to McCarthy. "Do tell, John, do tell," Babe drawled back.

Such soft humor long ago earned McCarthy the nickname of Magnolia Mouth. His accent is pure hominy grits, his similes all corn pone. Like Hallmark, he has a message for every occasion. To a player being badly beaten on defense: "Boy, Ah gotta tell yuh, yuh gotta come out at 'em like a bitin' sow." Urging his team on when trailing at the half: "Nawh, let's cloud up and rayn all over 'em." Or trying to pull the team out of unhappiness over a long losing streak: "Mah ole pappy usta tell me the sun don't shine on the same dawg's butt ev'ry day."

McCarthy's approach to basketball is similarly slow and easy. Like Dick Motta of the NBA's Chicago Bulls, McCarthy usually builds a stronger record than expected through controlled play. The strategy is useful because it inhibits the fast break used by the better teams. Last year the Pros finished only two games under .500 and could do just as well this season. McCarthy's players are better than their obscure college backgrounds would indicate, largely because the Babe is, more than anything else, a sharp judge of talent. Kentucky President Mike Storen, who tried to lure McCarthy away from Memphis last summer to coach the title-contending Colonels, says, "Babe is an extraordinary judge. I never pick up a guy he cuts. He measures them for speed, even though that's not his game. If they're not fast enough to run the break, he won't have them."

McCarthy has run a few fast breaks himself, despite his mother's Presbyterian guidance. Most of the stories he tells—and he tells them endlessly—start with the phrase, "One night we was havin' a few high bawls and. . . ." Although he remembers few days in the past 20 years when he did not sip a bourbon or more, a few weeks ago he went on the wagon. "Ah haven't had a drink since Christmus," he said on New Year's Eve. "Ah can't remember when Ah've felt as good. Mah liver was kickin' up, and Ah had to stop. One problem though, 'til this week we'd won six out of our last seven games, but since Ah quit drinkin' we lost four in a row."

So much for clean living, except when it comes to parsimony. McCarthy does not think the money problems will be important in the future.

"Ah've struggled with what we've had," he says. "Ah think it'll last the way it has for a few more months, and then Ah'll have weathered the storm. Why panic at five in the mornin' because it's still dawrk out? But if this all works, Ah'll have brought a good ship home in a good town. Ah'll be able to compete on even terms. And if there's no merger, Ah won't worry because there won't be any pro team for me to coach."

If the Pros do make it, it may then be time to change the name. It was a hasty choice, selected because it would fit on the uniform jerseys over the old nickname, Bucs, and the price of a felt S could be saved on each one. Originally, a contest was to be held to choose a new name, but nothing has happened yet, so there is still plenty of time to change it to the Memphis Miracles. Or, more likely, the Bluffers. **END**

How to make use of your TV console after you buy a Sony.



*measured diagonally © Sony Corp. of America, 47-47 Van Dam St., L.I.C., N.Y. 11101 TV picture simulated

You bought a color console.

And you loved having a color TV.

In fact, you loved it so much, you bought a second set.

A Sony Trinitron.

And you loved it even more.

Its picture is so bright and sharp and true-to-life, you may not be watching the console the way you used to.

So what should you do?

You should use the console.

No matter how sharp and bright your Sony picture is.

No matter if you bought a 9, 12 or 17-inch* Sony Trinitron.

Use the console.

After all, when you're not watching it, it's a beautiful piece of furniture.

Keep your Sony on it.

Trinitron
SONY COLOR TV


Gilbert L. Stone 72'



One day in the late summer of 1965, Richard Connors, a sheetrocker in Bridgeport, Conn., left work early and drove to nearby Fairfield University where the New York Giants were holding preseason workouts. Without the slightest hesitation, Connors leaped over the restraining ropes meant to separate spectators from players and approached Head Coach Allie Sherman, who was standing on the sidelines. Before Sherman could speak Connors said, "Mr. Sherman, my name is Dick Connors and it would be to your benefit to give me a tryout with the Giants." Connors continued, not skipping a beat. He explained he was 23 years old, a graduate of the University of Miami and in perfect physical condition. "I've been preserved from injuries for the past four years," he said. "I've gone to bed every night at 9 o'clock. I haven't touched a drop of liquor or eaten too much starchy food and I can beat anyone you've got on this club."

Sherman stared at Connors curiously. At 6′1″ and 200 pounds, he did look to be in excellent physical condition. He was so thickly muscled he seemed about to burst from his gray T shirt and Bermuda shorts. But somehow Connors did not look like an athlete. His black hair was short enough on top, but for an athlete it was unusually long on the sides and combed into what had been known in the '50s as a D.A. Connors was an exceptionally handsome man. *continued*

WHAT MADE RICHIE RUN?

As a showboating youth, it was applause and the promise of celebrity, but then the clapping stopped and heroin became his substitute goal *by PAT JORDAN*



"Chiseled" is the word you can see the movie scriptwriter using to describe his features. His large, square-cut jaw gave more than a hint of stubbornness. Connors looked faintly like Victor Mature, only younger—but not so young as he claimed. The skin under his eyes was puffy and dark. His teeth looked too perfect. The more closely one examined his face the more one noticed that what once might have been an untouched prettiness had been replaced by a shattered handsomeness, as if the face, like those of horribly wounded soldiers, had been destroyed and then painstakingly rebuilt, the features the same as before only now not fitting quite so tightly, so naturally, but rather glued together with the cement of human experience.

Connors finished his speech. Sherman was silent for a moment. Then he told Connors to report to the team doctor for a physical examination.

"I was really high that day," says Connors, looking back. "Higher than I'd ever been in my life—and I'd been pretty high at times. My heart was beating so fast I was afraid to see the doctor. He might think I was on something."

After a few days of practice, it was apparent that Connors, a linebacker and offensive end, was as physically talented as any player Sherman had. It was also apparent that he had very little football playing experience. He made glaring mistakes. He blocked the wrong people. He beat his man with devastating fakes and then ran to the wrong spot. When he ran to the right spot he dropped easy passes. He caught one pass with his nose and was almost knocked unconscious. Still, by sheer determination and tenacity, Connors survived the Giants' first cut—something a few All-Americas did not. He was even accepted by the team's veteran players, who admired his enthusiasm. But shortly after the second cut, which Connors also survived, he noticed players began avoiding him. When he sat down at the training table, everyone else got up and left. Connors guessed what had happened. He said nothing and ate alone. He realized the pros must have discovered that he, Dick Connors, was the man known in the Bridgeport area as Richie Connors. Richie Connors was almost 30 years old. He had been preserved for the last 37 months, not at the University of Miami, but at Wethersfield State Penitentiary, where he had been sent by a judge as "an incurable drug addict, a thorn in the side of society who must be cut out and put away."

Richie Connors was born on Halloween in 1936 in Bridgeport, a large factory city where the outstanding cultural event each summer is a festival dedicated to the memory of P.T. ("There's a sucker born every minute") Barnum.

Connors' father, an electrician for a vaudeville theater, deserted his mother before he was born. Mrs. Connors supported herself by working as an usherette, and later she managed a theater that featured slapstick comedy and aging strippers. Frances Hurley Connors, a strikingly beautiful woman, enjoyed her work. She took pleasure in rising late and sitting for hours at her dressing table making up her face for a day that began near noon and ended at midnight. "My mother came from a Boston Irish family that had pampered her," says Connors. "She tended to think of herself in a theatrical way."

Connors inherited both his mother's good looks and her tremendous ego. He thought of himself as a star, though with no father and a working mother he was a star without an audience. Left in the care of grandparents and occasionally an aunt, he soon took to the city streets, where he built a reputation as an athlete—and a troublemaker. At 10 he appeared in Madison Square Garden leading an 85-pound basketball team to victory in a game played between the halves of a college doubleheader. The next year he branched out from picking off passes to picking apart parking meters with a screwdriver. One afternoon he stole a basketball from a downtown department store and made his escape dribbling between shoppers all the way up Bridgeport's Main Street. At 12 he was thrown out of a parochial school for defying a nun; at 13 his mother committed him to Junior Republic, a school for orphans and unruly boys in Litchfield, Conn. There he satisfied his thirst for attention by making up three years of grammar school in six months, thus gaining recognition as the school's prize pupil. Connors also continued to excel in sports, especially football, which he played for the first time on an organized level. At 15 he left Junior Republic with a fine recommendation and returned to Bridgeport to enter Bullard-Havens technical school. In his freshman year he became the school's most celebrated athlete. He led the basketball team to the state tournament, only to be suspended. In his exuberance at winning the last regular-season game by one point, Connors threw the ball into the air at the sound of the buzzer. The referee tagged him with a technical foul, which allowed the opposition to tie the game and eventually win it in overtime. The Bullard-Havens coach was so angry he vowed Richie Connors would not play varsity sports again at the school—and Connors did not. Denied that outlet, he was frustrated. He began skipping classes, and early in his sophomore year he quit school altogether.

Now what basketball and football he played was with the area's semipro teams. Competing against tough clubs like the Holyoke (Mass.) Knights and the Franklin (Pa.) Miners, against men eight and nine years older than himself, the 16-year-old Connors held his own. He was one of the best all-round athletes in the city, and yet he was virtually unknown, since Bridgeport newspapers did not cover semipro sports in the splashy way they did high school athletics. Only the few people truly knowledgeable about city sports knew Connors even existed.

That winter, after the end of the high school basketball season, a tournament was held at the North End Boys' Club. It was a meaningless event, really nothing but a showcase for a 6′5″ all-state

center from another part of the state. The center appeared for warmups looking splendidly aloof—blank-eyed, crewcut, his sweat socks of the purest white and rising, as if starched, all the way to his muscled calves, where they terminated in three red rings (his school colors). His adversary for the center jump was Richie Connors. Connors was two years younger and five inches shorter. His sweat socks were wilted in a way that only has become fashionable since Pete Maravich. With his slicked-back D.A., he looked more like some wild Teen Angel.

The first time the all-state center got the ball he moved across the key and launched into what sportswriters had called his "classic hook shot." Connors climbed his back and smashed the ball into his face. The second time he began his classic hook shot, Connors stole the ball, leaving the center poised at the foul line, his right leg raised and his right arm extended in exquisite form. The crowd watched, stunned at first, but soon there were roars of approval as Connors overwhelmed his opponent. Relishing the underdog's role, Connors played with a savage intensity. He held nothing in reserve. He opted always for the risk, the blocked shot, the stolen pass, the big fake, the existential leap that left him exposed to either cheers or ridicule. With every humiliation, Connors' opponent grew more cautious, his moves more deliberate and constricted. Finally he was overwhelmed, a victim of Connors at his finest moment.

For Richie Connors, young and talented and thinking himself the cock of the walk, such triumphs were too infrequent. They were sandwiched around too much dead time, and so, like his mother, he began rising late, then drifting downtown to pass the slow city days in pool halls or on street corners with other dropouts, men older than himself who had interests of their own.

"He had no first name," Connors remembers. "No last name either. We just called him Murchie, Murchie-man. 'Murchie-man's got the goods,' we'd say. He was maybe 20 or 21. He said he was from Texas. Even though he didn't play sports, I thought he was cool with his 'Heh, man' talk. He used to say he couldn't hit the side of a barn with a football, and then he'd smile and add, 'But I can hit a vein a mile away.' Who knew what he meant in 1953? I found out one day. Jeez, it's not the kind of thing you like to reminisce about, but I won't forget that day. Late July, about 4 p.m. It was hot downtown. We were standing outside a newsstand and Murchie asks me do I want to get high. I said, 'You know I can't buy liquor in Bridgeport, Murchie-man. People know me.'

" 'I don't mean booze,' he said—God, I can hear him now, that whiny voice—'I don't mean booze, Richie, I mean horse.'

"I was laughing. 'What the hell you gonna do with a horse, Murchie-man? You ain't in Texas now. You gonna go riding down Main Street Bridgeport?"

" 'Come on, I'll show ya,' he said, and we walked up a hill to his car. He kept it right in the glove compartment in glassine envelopes. In those days police weren't on the lookout for the stuff, it was so rare. He said you take it with needles. I told him I couldn't stick a needle in my arm. He said he'd show me an easier way, and he rolled a dollar bill into a funnel. 'You can snort it,' he said. I said, 'You sure this ain't bad stuff, Murchie-man?' and then I snorted some. I got sick at first and then I got high. A few days later I snorted again. Then every day.

"By the time the football season started I was shooting up morning and night. One evening before a football game I waited until the team went onto the field for calisthenics and then I shot up in the locker room. It was hard to get the needle in my arm with all those pads and just as I did, one of my teammates walked in. His eyes almost fell out. In those days drugs weren't an In thing. It was a disgrace, something only blacks did. I played that first half higher than a kite. I must have been a real pussycat because the other team ran all their plays at me. But I came down hard at halftime. I even got a little sick, and the rest of the game I was a tiger. They couldn't believe I was the same guy. They thought someone else had put on my uniform."

Connors continued to play but his performances deteriorated. His weight dropped from 190 to 175 pounds. He began spending more time with Murchie. He learned that it had been no whim of Murchie's to turn him on to drugs.

"He and his friends had run out of ways to get money," says Connors. "They had hocked everything they owned and borrowed from everyone they knew. Murchie had even dismantled his mother's bed and sold it while she was at work. They needed new blood—mine. But even if I'd known that, I'd probably still have gotten involved. I couldn't let anyone think Richie Connors was chicken, could I? Besides, I wanted to be a part of that group. We stole together; we copped [bought drugs] together; we shot up together. We were fooling the world, which at the time was pretty easy since there were only a dozen white junkies and 40 black ones in a city of 160,000. It was all so easy we had to make it look hard. We flattened against walls, barricaded cellar doors with oil burners, hid the stuff behind bricks in walls; we were real cute. I think we got a bigger kick out of the cops-and-robbers suspense than the drugs. But mostly it was a togetherness thing. We needed each other. One guy had a car, another had connections; we each had something the others could use. We even had a crippled guy in with us. He'd been crippled in a motorcycle accident and had become an addict when they gave him too much morphine to kill the pain. We went through his $30,000 insurance settlement in a year. Finally, though, they needed me the most. It felt good, too, to know there was always someone who would say, 'We gotta wait for Richie. We can't cop without Richie. Richie's got the guts.' I would do things none of them would. I was the only guy who would go into the black sections of town to cop drugs. I was the only white guy the black pushers trusted, because they knew I wouldn't talk if I was arrested. One pusher liked me so much that on Christmas he put green and red tape on all the envelopes. It was his way of saying, 'Have a Merry Christmas.' "

Since heroin was considerably purer in the '50s than it tends to be now, a $5 bag would sustain an addict like Connors for an entire day. (That same bag costs $20 today.) At first it was not hard for Connors to turn up his daily $5. He borrowed money from relatives and athlete friends, and when those sources were tapped he began selling small items from around his home—clocks, silverware, knickknacks, etc. One day he lugged his mother's washing machine out of the cellar and wheeled it downtown to a pawnshop. As the number of salable items dwindled, Connors began stealing loose bills and change from his grandfather. When his grandfather would

continued

come home at night he would toss his money on the bureau and fall asleep. Connors was careful to steal just enough so that when his grandfather woke he would think be had spent the missing money on the previous night's drinks. "Every morning when he counted the cash he'd smile," says Connors. "He thought he was a belluva drinker."

When the group began stealing in earnest to support habits that required $30 and $40 a day, Connors solidified his position as the most important member. He was an audacious sneak thief. He could lay bare an unattended cash register in seconds. He robbed the same grocer of small amounts seven times.

"Of course, stealing was easier in those days," Connors says. "People were less cynical. They weren't afraid to turn their back on you. I no longer played any sports. I had no interests but drugs. I was still the star of the game, but now it was a different game."

Connors and his friends stole haphazardly at first, whenever they came across an item—car, radio, watch—that was an easy mark. Once they stole a truckload of furniture when they saw the driver go into a bar for a drink. But as they grew sick more frequently in the mornings they needed a daily plan to get money. They went into the "construction business" by day and the "gas station business" by night.

After an eye-opening shot, they would dress in construction clothes and travel from one newly built but as yet unoccupied house to another, stripping off copper pipe. They could clean a house in minutes. Once they ripped out water pipes while someone was taking a bath upstairs. When the bather yelled out, Connors shouted that they were from the water company. When it grew dark the addicts piled into Murchie's battered Cadillac and drove toward New York City on the Boston Post Road. Along the way they stopped at gas stations. At each, Murchie would ask the attendant to check under the hood, while Connors would go inside the office, ostensibly to use the men's room. When Richie saw the car's hood go up and the attendant's head disappear behind it, he would rifle the cash register. He was careful to ring up the identical sale already recorded on the register and to take only clean bills, which could not be traced.

One night during a snowstorm Connors rang up a sale on a register and nothing happened. No matter how hard he banged and pried he could not budge the drawer. In desperation he hoisted the machine under his arm and carried it outside. He was almost to the car when he was jerked to a halt. He looked down and noticed a black wire leading back into the station. He went back, unplugged the cord, and was halfway to Murchie's car again when the attendant spotted him. Murchie drove off with the hood up and left Connors standing in the snowstorm holding a 50-pound cash register. Connors started to run, the register cradled under his arm like a football, with the attendant in close pursuit. Dodging between buildings, leaping over bushes, his legs pumping, he began to put distance between himself and his pursuer, and as he did he felt the register grow lighter and rounder and smoother and he knew for sure he'd beat his man to the goal line.

Connors was arrested the following morning. Murchie had been caught by the police the previous night and had squealed. A few months later Richie was sentenced to Cheshire Reformatory, a maximum-security prison for youths under 21, for a term of from 18 months to five years. Connors still has a picture of himself as he looked on the day he was arrested. It shows a gaunt, unshaven youth with heavy-lidded eyes and sunken cheeks and a carefully combed and gleaming D.A. He was 19 and weighed 162 pounds.

At Cheshire, Connors was forced to kick his $30-a-day heroin habit without the aid of medicine. "Kicking cold turkey wasn't so bad," he says now. "I got chills and cramps and a fever for a few days, just like the flu, and then it was gone. It certainly wasn't anything like having a cartilage operation, or as they picture it in the movies. Murchie and I saw *The Man with a Golden Arm* and when Frank Sinatra started screaming and beating the walls from withdrawal pains we laughed. Of course, we had just shot up so we could afford to laugh."

After 15 months at Cheshire, Connors had gained 20 pounds, become the prison's best athlete and earned his high school diploma. He was released in August 1957 and was declared a cured drug addict.

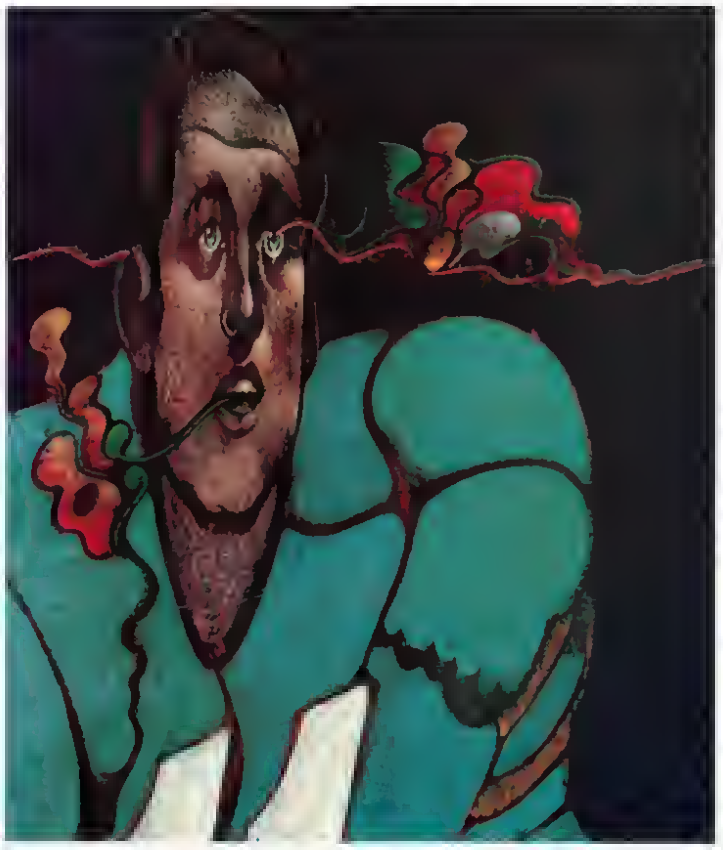
"I didn't want to go back on drugs," he says. "But I didn't know what to do. I saw no direction, no future, no college scholarship in sports, there was nothing for me to shoot for. I got a construction job and began playing semipro football again. I also had a girl friend and a new father."

After 20 years, Frances Connors had remarried. Her new husband was a chef. He did not like the idea of having a 21-year-old ex-junkie living with him, and he kept hinting to Richie that he should get married and go off on his own. Finally, one night Richie's stepfather had a heart-to-heart talk with him while his mother was at work. The chef told Connors that he was concerned for him and that he felt he would be happier married, that it would be in the best interests of both Richie and his mother. After that talk Connors' stepfather prepared an elaborate meal for the two of them.

"I went to bed thinking that everything was going to work out," says Connors. "He kept saying I was a good boy and how much everyone loved me and I fell asleep feeling fine. While I slept he started drinking alone and it must have been about 2 a.m. when he went into the bathroom and crushed a dozen antihistamines into a fine powder and put them in tinfoil by my bed. Then he called the police. They arrested me at about 3 a.m. I couldn't believe what was happening. I had been clean for over a year. At the jail they said the stuff in the foil was the purest heroin they had ever tested, and they locked me up. I stayed in prison for 30 days before they received a report from the Hartford laboratories that the stuff wasn't heroin. But during those days no one had believed I wasn't back on drugs. Everyone told my girl friend, 'Once a junkie, always a junkie.' Even when I was released no one believed my story.

"I got married, but things went downhill pretty fast. We argued a lot about my playing sports. My wife thought it was a waste of time, and I couldn't get her to see it was the only way I had of rationalizing my existence. When I was laid off my construction job at Christmas I went back to drugs."

Connors devoted the next few years of his life to the pursuit of heroin, and by the time he was 24 he had a $50-a-day habit. He had been arrested a dozen times, had served a number of short jail terms and had been sent to the federal hospital for drug addicts in Lexington, Ky. After seven days there he was thought to be cured, and the afternoon



he was released he shot up about 20 yards beyond the prison gate.

"I look back now," he says, "and see that I was almost a vegetable. I was a liar, cheat, thief, you name it. You couldn't lay 10¢ in front of me that I didn't steal it. My mother used to take me by the hand to get a haircut because I couldn't be trusted with the money."

When Connors was arrested for larceny in 1961, and the presiding judge noticed the number of narcotics-related arrests on Connors' record, he declared Richie a thorn in the side of society and sentenced him to the State Penitentiary at Wethersfield.

"I thought it wasn't fair, all that was being done to me," says Connors now. "I was The Champ, the best athlete in the world, even if I hadn't played sports in years. People always said you couldn't kick junk, but I never doubted I could. I could do anything. I'd always thought that I could do anything, that if I had wanted to I could have been the world's greatest athlete. It became my new challenge. I would be the only guy who ever kicked heroin. It was my Super Bowl, my World Series, and it was the biggest sports contest ever because this was no imitation of life and death, it was the real thing. That thought excited me. I was fighting all the odds—my lack of weight, knowledge, maturity, my attitude, past, everything. It was the thought of this competition that really motivated me."

Within 10 months Connors had built up his weight to a muscular 215 pounds. He worked with barbells in the prison and once more began playing football and basketball. Soon he so excelled that he began thinking of himself as somehow different from the other inmates. "They were the criminals," he says. "I was there only because of a mistake, a misunderstanding, which would be straightened out." Even his fellow convicts and the prison guards began to think of Connors as someone apart. He was an athlete, not a con, they said, and they treated him with a deferential respect. He was given the softest jobs, such as painting the prison's electric chair. "I used to sit in it when I was finished to see how it felt," he says. "It felt comfortable, especially since I knew I could get up and walk away from it." When his girl friend came on visiting days (he was divorcing his first wife), word of her presence spread quickly.

"It was almost comical," says the present Mrs. Connors, a blonde who resembles Kim Novak. "I felt so conspicuous. Then Richard would come strutting into the visitors' room, his hair combed, his khaki clothes pressed in a knifelike crease. I said to myself, 'This man didn't just step out of a cell, he stepped out of a Botany 500 ad.'"

"I had everything back—my looks, weight, ability," says Connors, "when suddenly I realized I was still the same junkie. I still thought of myself as having been shortchanged by everyone but me, and I knew only a few months back on drugs would destroy what I had regained in prison."

Connors began making a conscious effort to become introspective. He began to read, to question and to spend more time with the most intelligent of the prison inmates—the lawyers and doctors and judges. He sat with them by the hour, entranced by their knowledge. "They were the best teachers a man could have," says Connors. "They had plenty of time to think out life's answers, only they couldn't apply them to their own lives. I took bits and pieces from rapists, embezzlers, murderers, and put my life back together again. I realized I had turned to drugs to get recognition and attention, even to the point where I had become the biggest junkie and best sneak thief around. Perhaps I was afraid I might not be able to make it in sports, that I would never become a Ray Nitschke, and so I used drugs as an excuse to fail. When I got out of prison in 1963, I knew I'd never go back to drugs. I also found it strange that I never again sat down to talk philosophically with people the way I did with those prison cons. There never seemed enough time."

When Richie Connors was finally cut by the New York Giants in 1965, his fiancée was at once furious and terrified. She was furious because she felt he had been cruelly treated by the Giant players who had discovered his past. "But Richard didn't let it bother him," she says. "He believed this was the kind of treatment he should expect. That he would have to prove himself in the community before expecting anything better."

She was worried, too, because she had been warned repeatedly that there was no such thing as an ex-junkie. Only a little setback would start Richie off again, her friends had said.

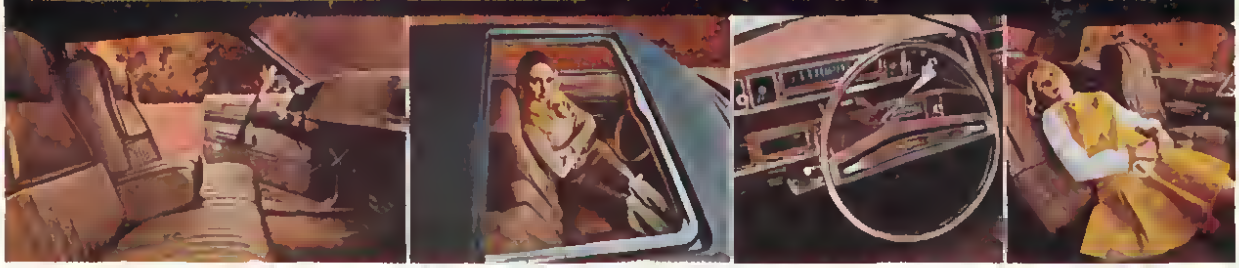
"The night Richard was cut," Claudette Connors recalls, "I phoned his house and he sounded so depressed. I asked him what he was going to do."

continued

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The '72 LTD Brougham (above) is shown with optional vinyl roof, deluxe wheel covers, whitewall tires and power sunroof.

FORD LTD

FORD DIVISION

"What is there to do?" he said. "I'm going back to the same old thing."

"What do you mean?"

"Sheetrocking," he said. "I'm going back to sheetrocking tomorrow."

Richard Connors, sitting at a lunch counter in the Bridgeport railroad station, looks no different from the dozens of other commuters waiting for the 7.37 a.m. to New York. He is an impeccably dressed businessman in a double-knit blazer and slacks. He is now assistant to the president of an electrical contracting firm. An attaché case rests at his feet. His hair is no longer combed into a D.A. It falls across his forehead, modishly cut. The waitress places a cup of coffee in front of him and asks if he would like a roll, too.

"What kind do you have, dear?"

"Poppyseed."

Richie shakes his head. "I've been off that stuff for years," he says, and laughs loudly.

Connors has not touched heroin in over 11 years. When he was out of prison for only a short time he ran across Murchie downtown. When Murchie offered him a free bag of heroin just for starters, Connors threatened to kill him. "At the time I was working for Herman Isaacs, a soap manufacturer," he says. "All night long we ground dead animals into soap. I told Murchie if he came near me again I'd make him into a bar of Ivory."

Connors was working as a sheetrocker by day and a soapmaker by night. On weekends he played minor league football with such teams as the Hartford Knights, the Meriden Merchants, the Long Island Bulls and the Bridgeport Jets, a farm team of the New York Jets. He played football for eight years before finally retiring. He played, he says, because it was a perfect outlet for his frustrations, but his wife claims there were other reasons.

"When Richard got cut from the Giants," she says, "it dawned on him that he might have become an NFL player if it hadn't been for drugs. After that he was obsessed with catching up on the career he had lost. He thought at 30 he could still make the pros. And secretly, I think if he could tell someone tomorrow he was only 25 and they'd believe him, he'd try out for the Giants again,"

These days Connors confines his sports activity to daily workouts at the Y, and to his assistant coach's duties with the Bridgeport Jets of the Atlantic Coast Football League. He paces the sidelines at those games, shouting orders, stabbing the air with his hands, getting so emotionally involved that often he has to be censured by referees for moving onto the playing field. For his team's final game this past season he suited up for the first time in a year and led the defensive unit with 16 tackles.

In the summer Connors is an instructor at the Offense-Defense Football Camp in Mount Snow, Vt. The camp is attended mostly by young athletes who want to learn the game from NFL players like Don Maynard, Tucker Frederickson and Joe Morrison—not to mention less renowned players like Dick Connors. Dick Connors has been voted the camp's best coach by the students the past two summers. But he does not attend the camp solely for the love of sport. Like some of the boys he teaches, his greatest satisfaction probably comes from rubbing elbows with famous athletes like Maynard, because even now he harbors an adolescent's worship of those men who possess something he feels he has been cheated of all these years. Connors mentions his famous acquaintances casually—"When Joe Willie and I had lunch the other day . . . ," or "Wilt and I decided. . . ." He keeps a scrapbook filled with mementos of his sports past—no matter how insignificant—a note from Joe Morrison asking Dick Connors to pick up his laundry; a letter from the Boston Patriots advising Dick Connors that his invitation to their rookie camp had been canceled. ("It seems they had this idea I was only 25," says Richie, "and then they discovered I was closer to 30.") These items follow the picture of Connors as he appeared on the day of his first arrest. He does not like to look at that picture. He would rather show a visitor one of several larger-than-life photographs of himself in a Bridgeport Jets' football uniform, his hair properly tousled with sweat and his helmet cradled under his arm much in the way he once cradled that cash register. He prefers to think of himself as Dick Connors, "the former New York Giant linebacker." That is how he introduces himself to strangers. The license plate on his used white Cadillac reads "NYGI."

There is a corner of Richie Connors' mind in which he thinks of these small liberties, these delusions of grandeur, as being proper, as being his right by ordeal. He *should* be a New York Giant; he *should* be asked for autographs. This slightly distorted sense of his own abilities is, ironically, the very aspect of his personality that motivated him to beat his drug addiction. He was better than others! He was a great athlete, not a junkie! The star! This has not gone unnoticed by his acquaintances in Bridgeport, one of whom says, "Richie lives an innocent lie." Not surprisingly—indeed, with all good reason, because his home town knows him too well—Richie Connors prefers to spend both his working and his free time in New York City, surrounded by people who know him only as "Dick Connors, formerly of the New York Giants."

Yet despite his fascination with the trappings of professional sports, Connors will say of himself, "If I'd ever become a famous athlete I'd probably be obnoxious. I think I'm a better man for the way I used sports. Maybe I do respect famous athletes more than I should, but I don't for a moment think of them as being better than me. I've done more with sports in my life than they could ever hope to do."

Today, Connors is doing more with his life than many people. He seems always to be savoring what others overlook. He laughs often and boisterously at the smallest incidents—such as at the woman who almost choked on her coffee when she heard Connors say to a friend, "My number in prison? I think it was 20231." Seeing the woman's discomfiture he smiled and said, "No, no, that was my first number. During my second stretch my number was. . . ."

"Richard really does love life," says his wife. "I only wish he didn't love turmoil so much, too. I really don't think he could live happily if things went smoothly. Sometimes I think he creates difficulties just so he can master them."

Connors has worked at as many as four jobs at once because of his frenetic desire to make himself respected and successful. He seems always to be playing 1,001 hands to win the jackpot he feels he has missed. "I'm still searching for the form and pattern of my life," he says. "I'm not sure what I should do with it. For 10 years I was on ice. I want to catch up. Sometimes I actually do think of myself as being 25." END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 11-17

BASKETBALL—NBA: Both Milwaukee and Los Angeles suffered letdowns after their momentous meeting, with the Bucks dropping two of three and the Lakers one of three. Phoenix startled Milwaukee when Dick Van Arsdale tossed in two free throws after time ran out for a 115–114 win. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar scored only one point in the second half and fouled out for the first time this season. The next night Atlanta edged the Bucks 104–102 as Walt Bellamy scored 22 points in the first half and Lou Hudson 19 in the second. Milwaukee snapped out of its mild slump by holding Chicago to its lowest score ever, 104–77. Los Angeles defeated Detroit 123–103 as Wilt Chamberlain scored his 12,000th career field goal, and beat Philadelphia 135–121 as Wilt lifted Kevin Loughery in his arms and carried him off the court to break up a fight. But in between the Lakers were the victims of Cincinnati Coach Bob Cousy's "most satisfying victory" when Tom Van Arsdale popped in a 15-foot jumper with one second left to edge Los Angeles 108–107. Despite the losses, Los Angeles led the Pacific Division by 13½ games over Seattle, and Milwaukee maintained a six-game bulge over Chicago in the Midwest. Boston won three in a row to open up a five-game lead in the Atlantic Division over New York, which ran its losing streak to five. "There's no reason we should be tired," said Knick Coach Red Holzman when given a chance to rationalize his club's losses, "we're just not playing well." Central Division leader Baltimore gained its sixth straight win and promptly dropped its next three.

ABA: Kentucky zipped through Dallas 120–104 and Pittsburgh 123–115 to raise its winning streak to 10 games and its East Division lead over Virginia to eight. Utah, in first place in the West, lost to runner-up Indiana 100–97 and New York 110–104 before snapping a three-game losing string with a 128–119 win over Virginia, despite league leader Charlie Scott's 44 points (his 15th game over 40). Second-place Indiana, five games behind the Stars, ran off three more wins after edging the Stars, beating Denver 114–99 and Memphis twice, 135–120 and 117–106. Somehow, the Pros scored a league-record 52 points in the last period of the first game and still lost by 15. New York slipped into third place in the East with four out of five wins as Rick Barry totaled 132 points and rookie John Roche 88. The Nets' 105–97 victory over Dallas broke the Chaps' five-game winning streak and the Floridians' All-Star Larry Jones with a broken hand, was no help against the Nets, who won 110–94. By week's end, the Floridians broke their five-game losing streak, defeating Dallas 110–105 on Mack Calvin's 40 points.

BOWLING—DON JOHNSON of Akron, Ohio gained his 19th PBA championship and his fourth title in the last five PBA tournaments when he defeated Johnny Petraglia 218–213 in the finals of the $50,000 Denver Open. Johnson, winner of six tournaments and $81,349 in 1971, was also named Bowler of the Year by the BWAA, edging Petraglia, who set a single-season record with $85,065 in earnings. PAULA SPERBER of Miami was voted Woman Bowler of the Year.

BOXING—JOE FRAZIER knocked out Terry Daniels in the fourth round in New Orleans to retain his world heavyweight title (*page 22*).

FIGURE SKATING—JANET LYNN of Rockford, Ill. finished first and Julie Holmes of North Hollywood, Calif. second for the fourth consecutive year in the national senior women's event at the U.S. National championships in Long Beach, Calif. KEN SHELLEY of Downey, Calif. took the men's title and combined with JO JO STARBUCK, also of Downey, to repeat as pairs champions.

FOOTBALL—DALLAS won Super Bowl VI at New Orleans, defeating Miami 24–3 (*page 10*).

GOLF—JACK NICKLAUS won the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am by holing an 18-foot birdie putt in a playoff with John Miller (*page 16*). Earlier in the week GEORGE ARCHER took the Glen Campbell-Los Angeles Open title when he won an 18-hole playoff by two strokes over Dave Hill and Tommy Aaron with a five-under-par 66.

HOCKEY—Boston tied New York for first place in the East Division when the Bruins defeated West leader Chicago 4–2 while the Rangers were losing to Toronto 4–3. Phil Esposito whacked the puck past brother Tony two times in the third period to beat the Black Hawks, and Dave Keon scored a goal with 23 seconds remaining to upset the Rangers. New York also had a late-game letdown against Chicago when Jerry (King Kong) Korab's 63-foot slapshot slipped into the goal with less than three minutes to play in the Rangers' 5–5 tie. Against Buffalo the next night, New York's second line (Bill Fairbairn, Walt Tkaczuk and Gene Carr) banged in five goals to beat the Sabres 5–2. Boston, meanwhile, warmed up for its big game with Chicago by listlessly tying Pittsburgh 2–2 and Los Angeles 1–1. Third-place Montreal, six points behind the leaders, walloped the Penguins 7–1 and the Sabres 6–2 to extend its undefeated home streak to 20 games.

SKIING—France's HENRI DUVILLARD took the slalom and ROGER ROSSAT-MIGNOD the giant slalom at the Berchtesgaden (West Germany) World Cup meet. But French Olympic hopes suffered a severe setback when Patrick Russel, rated No. 1 in the giant slalom and No. 3 in the slalom, broke his right leg. Later in the week, Austria's wily old KARL SCHRANZ zipped through the Arlberg Kandahar downhill at Kitzbühel, Austria in 2:23.70 to beat Duvillard by .25. In one of their best downhill showings in years, three members of the U.S. team finished in the top 10—Mike Lafferty, fourth, Eric Poulsen, sixth, and Dave Currier, 10th. The next day, Schranz won the Hahnenkamm downhill, defeating Duvillard by .19, and climbed into second place in the World Cup standings, only six points behind Duvillard. In the slalom at Kitzbühel, France's JEAN-NOEL AUGERT had the fastest times in both heats to take the event easily and give France the Hahnenkamm combined championship.

In the women's World Cup meet at Bad Gastein, Austria, ANNEMARIE PROELL of Austria won the downhill by more than two seconds to break Françoise Macchi's streak of four straight cup wins for France (she finished sixth), and BRITT LAFFORGUE of France followed with a slalom win by .15 over Miss Macchi. Despite her two losses, Miss Macchi held a 23-point lead over Miss Proell in the World Cup standings. Later in the week, Canada's BETSY CLIFFORD, a strong contender in the Olympic giant slalom, fractured her right ankle on a fall at a meet in Grindelwald, Switzerland.

SWIMMING—Aussie BRAD COOPER broke the 800-meter world freestyle record by 4.8 seconds with an 8:23.8 clocking as he beat the former record holder Gordon Windeatt of Australia, at the New South Wales championships in Sydney.

TRACK & FIELD—A day and a half after a 19-hour flight from Africa, Kenya's KIPCHOGE KEINO, who had not raced in three months, won the mile at the National Invitation meet in College Park, Md. His time, 3:59.4, was the fastest indoor mile ever this early in the season. Almost as impressive was MARTIN McGRADY's winning 1:09.2 in the 600-yard run, his first race after a year's layoff. REYNALDO BROWN became the first American to clear 7' 4" indoors in the high jump as he defeated outdoor record-holder Pat Matzdorf, and MEL PENDER equaled the 60-yard dash indoor record of 5.9.

Keino flew to Albuquerque to compete in the Jaycee Invitational the next night and won the mile in 4:04.2. AL FEUERBACH gained the outstanding male athlete award with a 68' 10½" toss in the shot-put, missing his indoor record by half an inch. KATHY GIBBONS, a 17-year-old from Glendale, Ariz., set a women's indoor mark in the 1,000-yard run with a 2:34.8, three seconds below the old record, while Rod Milburn lost his first hurdles race since 1970 when he finished third to WILLIE DAVENPORT in the high hurdles.

CREDITS

10, 11—Walter Iooss Jr.; 12—Neil Leifer. 13—Walter Iooss Jr., 14, 15—Herb Scharlmon, Walter Iooss Jr., Neil Leifer. 22, 23—Herb Scharlmon. 47—AP. 54, 56—Tony Triolo. 59—Carl Iwasaki. 70—Noel Davis, Atlanta Journal (3).

FACES IN THE CROWD



WRIGHT BAZEMORE, 55, retired after the Valdosta (Ga.) High football team won its 15th state title in his 31 years as head coach. Valdosta beat Avondale, a suburb of Atlanta, 62–12 in the finals of the state AAA playoffs, giving Bazemore a 290-43-6 career record.



LAURA CRAVEN, 6, of Worthington, Ohio, won a 9-and-under cross-country mile race in 6:08 to unofficially break the national age-group record for the distance. She already holds an age-group mark of 82.6 in the 440, which broke the old record by seven seconds.



ROO MUSSELMAN, a 6' 1" senior guard for Souderton (Pa.) Area High, averaged 43.6 points for his first six games and shot 45.8% from the field and 76.5% from the foul line. He is defending scoring champion in the Bux-Mont league with a 22.4 average.



RAY BARRS, 17, a junior running back at West Mesa High, Albuquerque, N. Mex., set a state rushing record by gaining 2,554 yards during the 1971 football season. He also set a single-game mark with 343 yards against crosstown rival Highland.



CLYDE JONES, 56, of Daleville, Ala., won the men's (30 and over) division of the Boll Weevil tennis tournament in Enterprise, Ala. by beating five younger opponents. The closest match any of them could give Jones, who has been playing seven years, was 6–4, 6–0.



SUE McBROOM, a junior at Logan (Ohio) High, scored 32 points and pulled down 17 rebounds to lead her team to a 106–0 shutout win over Berne-Union in their interscholastic basketball debut. Sue, a 5' 8½" forward, was playing in her first interscholastic game.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HEMINGWAY'S JOURNAL (CONT.)

Sirs:

Reviewing your 19TH HOLE section indicates dissent may be an affront to your editorial pride—there is so little of it printed. Surely no subject can have much vitality or worth if it creates no dissenting interest. With that I volunteer the possibility that I may be your only reader who thinks you added little of value to your magazine with the Hemingway collection of notes to himself (*An African Journal*, Dec. 20 *et seq.*). It is nothing more than a curiosity piece anyway.

For this admirer of Ernest Hemingway in his most vital and productive years, his reputation needs no enhancing or defending. A good thing, because this did neither. What a pity if there should be latecomers who will think this was the real Hemingway—that this was what Hemingway was all about.

I doubt that even the author cared much for this random collection of whatever you want to call it. His sticking it away unfinished and uncoordinated makes one wonder if he knew what to do with it. Inspiration one day might have whipped it into form—who knows, maybe even another masterpiece. But this is not it. And like all exhumation proceedings, this one, too, seems only sad.

EUGENE J. DESRUELLES

Brussels

Sirs:

"The time of shooting beasts for trophies was long past for me"—Ernest Hemingway. For some less famous, less intelligent people, it never arrived.

EMIL J. SMITH JR.

Delair, N.J.

Sirs:

I enjoy your magazine each week, but I was especially informed and entertained by Ernest Hemingway's *African Journal*. Hunting was the one sport I could not relate to. After reading the journal I cannot remember why.

RACHEL RAUB

Crown Point, Ind.

Sirs:

I am appalled at the insipid comment of one of your readers (19TH HOLE, Jan. 10) concerning your publication of *Miss Mary's Lion*. I find this journal to be not only a credit to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for its literary worth but also to the memory of the Nobel Prize winner who wrote it. Ernest Hemingway was an excellent sportsman in his own right.

DONALD R. NIMS

Cave City, Ky.

Sirs:

Of course there will be the usual bellowing about keeping sports in a sports magazine. This is to be expected from a few inarticulate readers. But the publishing of Hemingway's extraordinary manuscript marks a peak, I believe, in SI's own innovative endeavor to bring to its readers something more in sport than the usual weekly articles on current events. More than this, SI's publication of a major literary figure reflects a faith in the literate tastes of its readers that I, for one, welcome and congratulate.

CHARLES DE LISLE

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Sirs:

Best thanks to K. M. Bennett of Bellaire, Texas for letting us know (19TH HOLE, Jan. 10) that Hemingway was "the greatest user of the English language." We used to think it was Shakespeare.

HAROLD KING

Paris

Sirs:

It is a beautiful piece of work—tender, true, real and surprisingly very funny. His comments on wives, past and present, and on other authors are priceless. It proves that E.H. was a sensitive man who saw himself quite clearly and who thought deeply about things that mattered. And oh, how that man could write! Thank you for letting your readers share it.

JANE SPIES

Dallas

BOWLED OVER

Sirs:

After eight years as a "season-ticket" holder of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, I can no longer contain myself. Dan Jenkins' article *All Yours, Nebraska* (Jan. 10) is symbolic of the SI effort that transcends the boundaries of imaginative, factual reporting and treads deeply into thought-provoking, creative writing that challenges the mind of the reader.

Mr. Jenkins was bold enough to report what clearly was a misjudgment in the officials' safety call in the Rose Bowl game. Everyone in front of my set saw the mistake on the replay, but nowhere could we find support. Only in SI could we find justification for our feelings. Had Stanford lost 12-10 as a result of that dubious call, one wonders if anyone other than SI would have rallied to the defense of the spirited Pacific Eight challenger. It was indeed a sweet victory.

RON ABERNETHY

Yakima, Wash.

Sirs:

I have long been a fan of Nebraska football and have never quite thought they got a fair shake or enough credit in your magazine until the fine article by Dan Jenkins. I hate to admit it, but he almost overdid it!

MICHAEL J. CONRIN

Lubbock, Texas

Sirs:

I was deeply saddened by your snide reference to the "myth of Auburn, Pat Sullivan and the mesh jersey." Pat Sullivan and Auburn have been greatly maligned ever since that fine young man was awarded the Heisman Trophy, and many good people deeply resent those critics who are not familiar with the accomplishments of Sullivan and Auburn under all circumstances. I can assure you that Auburn and Sullivan are no myth.

Sullivan and Terry Beasley (*Underneath That 7 Is an S*, Nov. 22) played at Auburn when that school was not blessed with a great wealth of talent. Nevertheless, Pat led Auburn to a regular-season record of 25 wins and five losses in three years and helped gain three bowl invitations while building up great statistics and many records of his own. I think that you and a great number of other people owe Mr. Sullivan and Auburn a direct apology.

ROBERT W. GERSON

Atlanta

Sirs:

It came out just as we figured it would. Nebraska and Alabama topped the bunch with a whopping 1,772 words. Michigan and Stanford followed with 564. Oklahoma and Auburn pulled a respectable 141. And, yes, football fans, Penn State was left in the dust with a dismal seven words for its mauling of Texas.

JIM JOHNSON

Boalsburg, Pa.

Sirs:

Was Dan Jenkins eating his turkey during the Cotton Bowl game? Hardly a mention of Penn State's accomplishment in shutting off Texas without a touchdown for the first time in 80 games. And on the Longhorns' own turf, too. Perhaps the sportswriters who downgraded Penn State after its loss to Tennessee are not big enough to eat their crow in public.

JOHN J. BUCKLEY

Etters, Pa.

PICKS AND PICKERS

Sirs:

Every year my father, brothers and I have a contest to see who can correctly pick the

continued



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Top 20 college football teams. Our selections are made before the first week of play begins and our systems of determining the winner is as follows: five points for each team correctly picked to finish No. 1 to No. 5; four points for each team correctly picked to finish No. 6 to No. 10; three points for each team correctly picked to finish No. 11 to No. 15; and two points for each team correctly picked to finish No. 16 to No. 20. In addition, we award one point for every team correctly picked to finish in the Top 20 and one point if you pick the exact position a team finishes in. We use the final Associated Press poll as our guide.

Based on our system, I won our contest this year with 29 points. My brothers and father had 24, 25 and 24 points respectively. As a basis of comparison, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED had the highest point total of all with 32 points. Other finishers were the Associated Press preseason poll with 24 points, *Playboy* magazine with 24 points and the Don Carr ratings with 29 points.

For the 1970 season, my older brother won our contest with 34 points, and the other members of my family finished with 31. SI also finished with 34 points that year. Other 1970 finishers were the AP with 32 points (or 36, if you count alternates; the AP picked three teams for the preseason No. 20 spot and two No. 20s in the final) and *Playboy* with 24.

Congratulations. The SI staff of pickers has remained undefeated (though once tied) for the last two years.

MICHAEL W. HUGHES

Memphis

ABA STORY

Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine article on the Kentucky Colonels (*They Had to Let the Dog Go, but They Kept the Bite*, Jan. 3). It is obvious to any knowledgeable basketball fan that the ABA is rapidly coming of age and that Kentucky, Indiana, Utah and Virginia could compete with any of the NBA teams. Also, the overall league balance in the ABA is rapidly improving with the influx of new young talent each year. NBA fans are going to have to swallow a bitter pill in the near future, the same type of pill NFL fans consumed a few years back.

RONALD ECKERT, M.D.

Lexington, Ky.

OPEN DOORS

Sirs:

I do not agree completely with your editorial "Changing Times" (SCORECARD, Jan. 3). You noted that Condredge Holloway will probably become the first black quarterback at Tennessee next fall. This is true. He is a superathlete, but I do not think he will change the times at Tennessee. Tennessee and Kentucky were the first schools

continued



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in the Southeastern Conference to open their doors wide to black football players. Lester McClain was Tennessee's first black gridder in 1967. Jack Walker, a black linebacker, made All-America at Tennessee this year. Walker was the captain of the 1971 Vols.

I agree that times are changing at Mississippi State and Alabama, but Condredge Holloway is just making the times great at Tennessee, not changed.

DAVID TILSON

Morristown, Tenn.

BEST CONFERENCE

Sirs:

Now that the bowl games are over and the final football ratings are out, I'd like to offer a rebuttal to John Classé's letter (19TH HOLE, Jan. 3) concerning the Dream Bowl game and conference ratings.

Mr. Classé's statistics lead me to a different conclusion—the Big Eight, not the SEC, is the strongest conference. The Big Eight's 78% season winning percentage against other major conferences as compared with the SEC's 67% figure is undoubtedly the single most significant criterion by which to judge superiority. Though the SEC won 83% of its games against all other opponents as compared with the Big Eight's 77%, this factor must be considered in the light of the caliber of the nonconference schedules. On that point, the Big Eight would seem to rank with any conference.

The final national polls show a Big Eight sweep of the top three places, a remarkable achievement. There are probably many outside the Big Eight who agree that Nebraska and Oklahoma rank not only in a class by themselves this season, but also among the alltime best among all conferences.

JIM ALLISON

Oklahoma City

Sirs:

If you average the two percentages (record against major-conference foes and record against all other opponents), the Big Eight averages 77.5% and the Southeastern Conference 75%, followed by the Pacific Eight 47%; Southwestern Conference 43.5%; Atlantic Coast Conference 41.5% and the Big Ten 34.5%.

If one were to use the bowl games as a comparison, the Big Eight won two of the three games in which the Big Eight and SEC were matched, and by convincing margins! However, LSU did whip Iowa State.

The Big Eight is the top football conference in the nation, with the Southeastern Conference a close second.

MIKE GOFF

Leavenworth, Kans.

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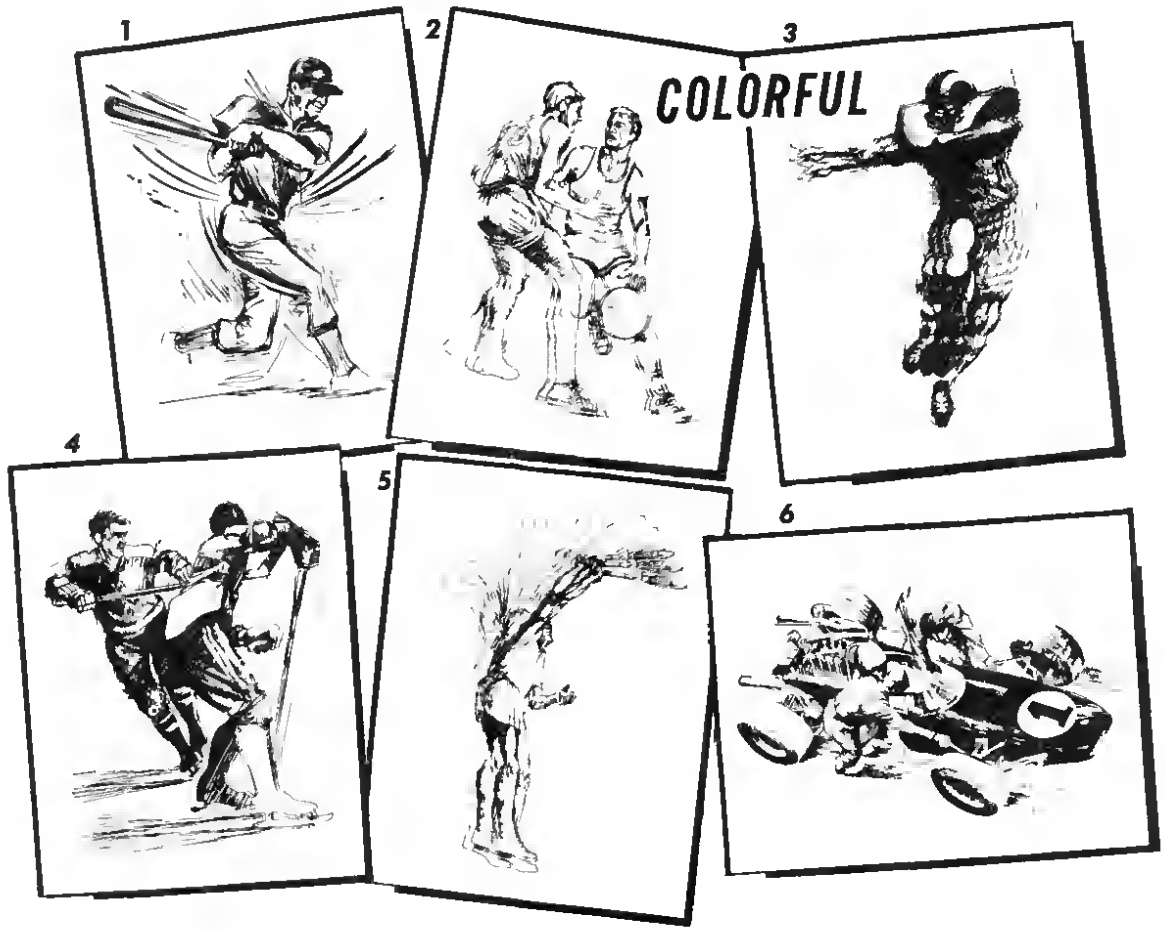
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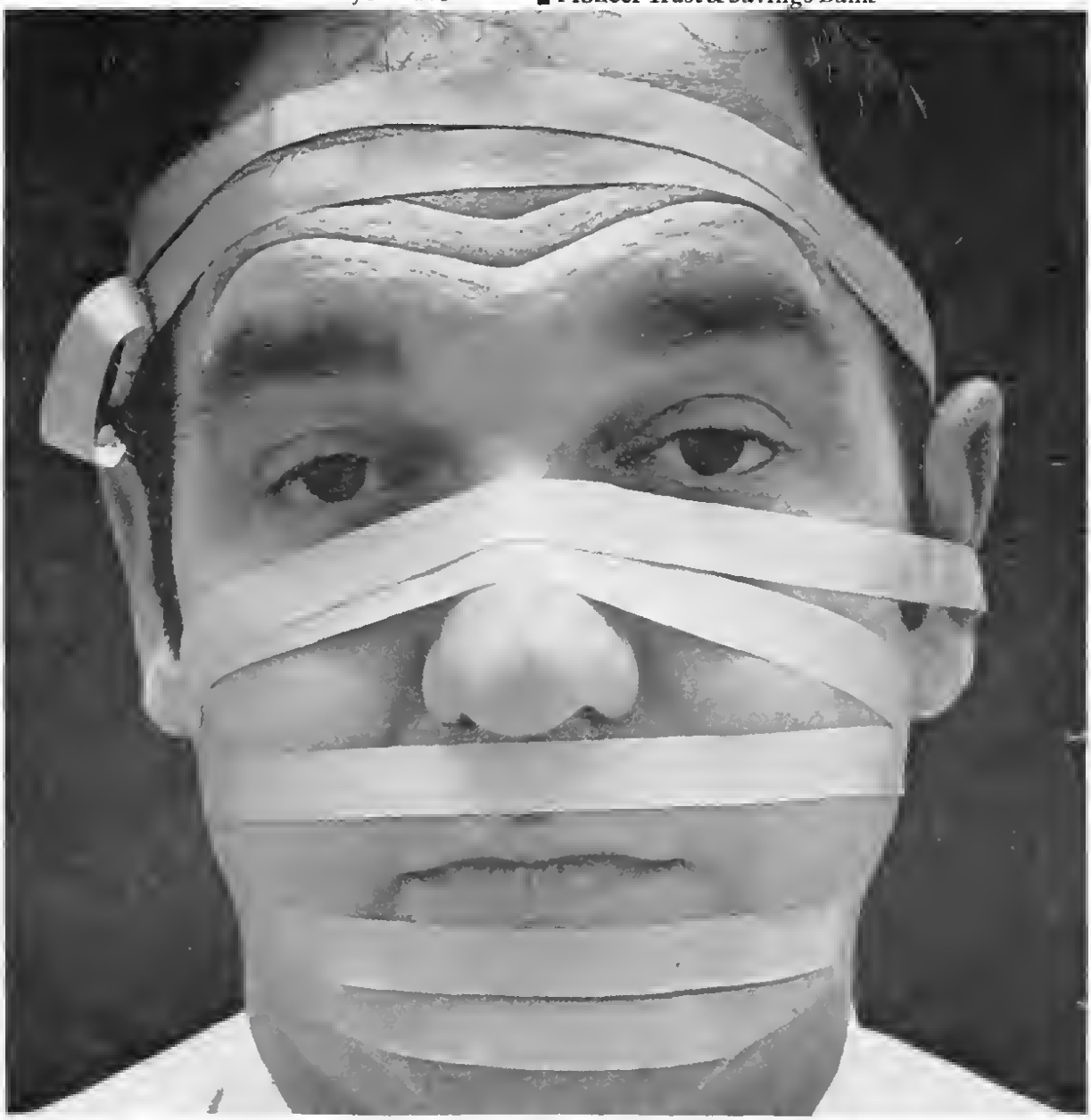
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CH3

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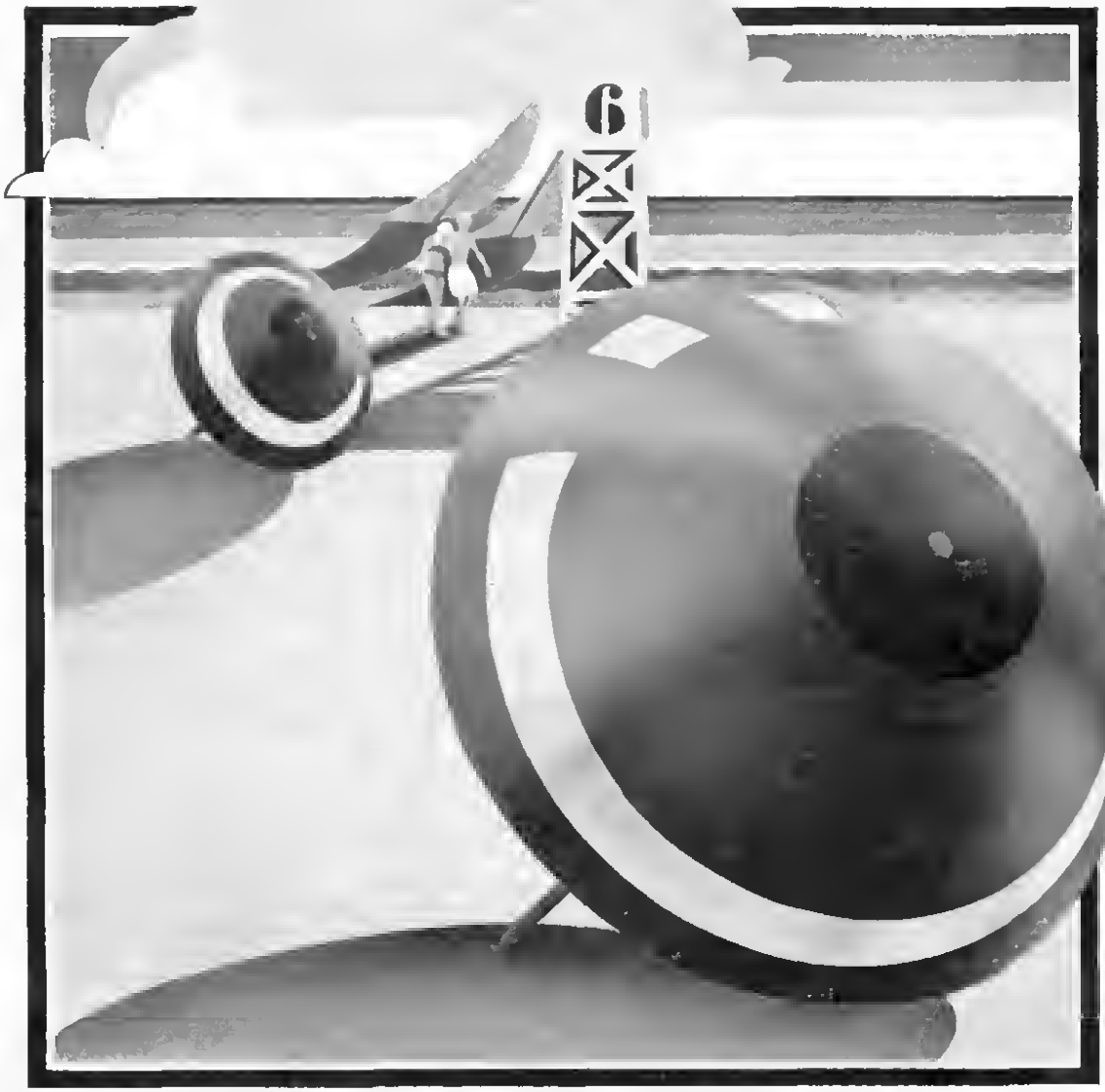


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